



THE GEORGIAN





THE GEORGIAN

1995 - 1996



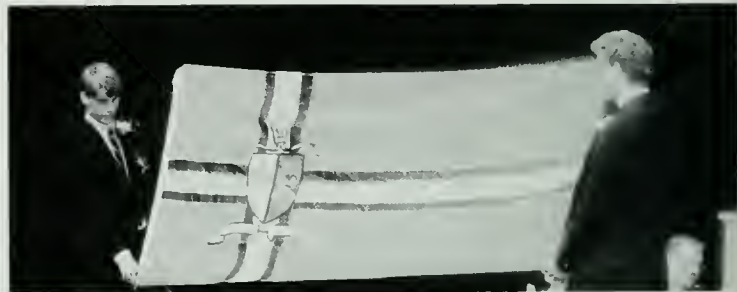
the yearbook of
ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S COLLEGE
120 HOWLAND AVENUE
TORONTO M5R 3B5
CANADA

Telephone: (416) 533 9481
Fax: (416) 533 0028



Brief History of The College

The idea of a school for boys with the name "St. George's College" was fostered by Mr. John Bradley and certain other Anglican laymen who had associations with the Toronto Diocesan Choir School. The success of the Diocesan Choir, which was a summer school for choirboys, suggested the desirability of a permanent school. A committee was therefore formed and plans developed to establish a full-time day school with a strong emphasis on music. A private act incorporating St. George's College was passed on May 31, 1961 by the Ontario Legislature. The school admitted its first seventy-two pupils in 1964. In 1989 Queen Elizabeth II granted the College the right to prefix the title "Royal" to its name.



Pacaud and Teichman present R.S.G.C. with a new flag.

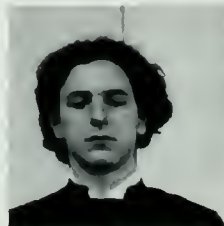


WELCOME!



WHERE'S GEORGE?

The Yearbook is titled *The Georgian*: So where is George in "The Georgian"? There are approximately fifty-seven sightings of Georges, excluding these four photos, and we challenge you to find them. The Georges are: (clockwise from the top left) George Bassel, Jason George, George the Dog, and George Seddon. Good Luck!





THE GEORGIAN

1995-1996

Table Of Contents

THE STAFF

pg 5

Staff - Group Photo.....	pg 4
Headmaster's Report.....	pg 6
Dr. Barlow's Report.....	pg 7
Mr. Pengelly's Report.....	pg 8
Teaching Staff.....	pg 9
Other Staff.....	pg 14
Board Of Governors.....	pg 16
Men's Association.....	pg 16
The Guild.....	pg 17

THE STUDENTS

pg 18

Prefects.....	pg 19
Valedictory Address.....	pg 20
Graduating Class.....	pg 22
Stewards.....	pg 32
Lifers.....	pg 32
House Results.....	pg 33
Canterbury.....	pg 34
Westminster.....	pg 36
Winchester.....	pg 38
York.....	pg 40
Grade 8.....	pg 42
Grade 7.....	pg 44
Grade 6.....	pg 46
Grade 5.....	pg 47
Grade 4.....	pg 48
Grade 3.....	pg 49

CLUBS

pg 50

Debating Club.....	pg 51
Server's Guild.....	pg 52
Camera and Go Club.....	pg 53
Stage Crew.....	pg 54
Pottery Club.....	pg 55
Yearbook Club.....	pg 56

MUSIC AND THE ARTS

<i>MUSIC</i>	pg 57
Music Bands.....	pg 58
Junior Bands.....	pg 60
Grade 3-5 Music.....	pg 62
A & B Choir.....	pg 63
Senior Choir.....	pg 64

THE ARTS: DRAMATIC, VISUAL AND LITERARY

pg 65

Dramatic Works:

Rosencratz And Guildenstern Are Dead.....	pg 66
39: A Junior School Film.....	pg 71

Visual Works:

Artwork.....	pg 74
Photo Contest.....	pg 80

Literary Works:

Senior Writing.....	pg 81
Junior Writing.....	pg 94
The Latimer Years.....	pg 96

TEAMS

pg 99

Soccer.....	pg 100
Volleyball.....	pg 105
Cross Country.....	pg 108
Hockey.....	pg 110
Basketball.....	pg 114
Skiing.....	pg 119
Softball.....	pg 120
Badminton And Tennis.....	pg 123
Lacrosse.....	pg 124
Track And Field.....	pg 125
Junior School Swim Meet.....	pg 126

YEAR IN REVIEW

pg 128

Fall Events.....	pg 130
Winter Events.....	pg 136
Spring Events.....	pg 147
Norval.....	pg 127
Porta Vallarta (March).....	pg 146
Trip Week (April).....	pg 142
New Orleans (May).....	pg 141
Athletic Banquet.....	pg 150
Jr School Prize Day.....	pg 151
Sr School Prize Day.....	pg 152
Grad Formal.....	pg 153
Sponsors.....	pg 154



STAFF



THERSG STAFF

THE HEADMASTER

How does one really describe a school?

More importantly, how does one describe Royal St. George's College? Well, we have about an acre of land in the heart of Toronto. On it, there's a church in which people have worshipped for over 100 years. There's a gym which looks much better on the inside than it does from outside ..., a prefect room which would be a disgrace to any reputable decorator, but which gets cleaned out every June when termites and bugs carry out the decimated furniture to the dumpster.

RSGC has See House with its beautiful stained glass windows, covered over by heavy plastic, to prevent home run balls smashing through - as they ricochet off illegally parked cars on the tarmac, which several years ago was a veritable mud pit. The crowded halls encourage cheek to cheek familiarity as students change from grub day clothes to gym uniforms to number one jackets. And one cannot overlook two crowded staff rooms with shelves and cupboards covered in sweaty athletic clothing, equipment, books and sheets of music left over even from Dr. Wright's time.

There's not much to the school when one wanders through it at night, other than ghostly walls, scuffed lockers revealing corners of jackets, ties, papers and the remains of two month old sandwiches.

There are empty desks, homework assignments on the boards, and anticipation of the magic which occurs during the days when the heart of the school becomes alive with excited young boys, maturing young men, and caring concerned teachers..., teachers who guide, counsel and care.

The mixtures in this human chemistry create something which lasts for many years in the minds and hearts of the hundreds of men who now proudly say "I'm a Georgian" or "I'm a real part of that small school on Howland Avenue". "I'm a part of it, and it's part of me because I felt at home. I was challenged to learn because the teachers cared about me... the same me which my parents and grandparents feel is so special. RSGC is a part of me because it pushed me to become better..., to get higher marks and to be a



gentleman. It expanded my horizons beyond Calculus, History and English, and yet allowed me to express my views without ridicule, to make decisions, and look more deeply into the real me."

Being Headmaster of Royal St. George's for the past eight years has been a truly remarkable experience. I hope that my dreams for the school have been felt. My dream that students were not a number, but people - people who accepted challenges on the sports field, in a band or choir, on the public speaking team. My dream was to make my students proud of their school..., a school which has become regarded throughout the country as one of Canada's finest. I hope that each individual who passed, through the school's countless doors made friends... people they can admire, respect and love, and who understand the weaknesses and differences of others. People who share experiences good and bad who pat their friends on the back when things go well, and are always there to share their joys and dry their tears. My dream for the school was that each boy - each man - knew what it was like when their parents let go of their little hand and started them on the path toward becoming an

independent, and loving adult. On Graduation and Prize Day in June, 36 young men proved that indeed they did learn to get up on their own when they had fallen. They were pushed, cajoled and challenged by loving teachers and parents... and they celebrated their success as they sat together in the graduation hall, side by side with their friends. These friends shared their personal thoughts, doubts and human worries. They sat together thinking back to the dumb things they had done together, remembering the friends with whom they argued, and shared hopes for the future. And on that day, they surely thought of the moms and dads, grannies and grampas who made it possible for them to achieve their dreams.

Graduation Day is a happy one, but also one filled with countless memories. Each of the grads celebrate because they have achieved, and because they eagerly anticipate the next step in their careers. Last June 13, they said their farewells, as did I.

For the grads it's on to university. For me, it's on to other endeavors - certainly not retirement, but just a change. In saying good-bye, I must express gratitude to the board for its support, the staff for its loyalty, Dr. Barlow and Mr. Pengelly for their guidance, understanding and leadership. I thank my family for continuing to love me and at all times showing patience.

Above all I thank the students of eight years who have enriched my life, through their smiles, their trust, their hugs, and above all their achievements. How wonderful to see young people grow, and to know that I, in a small way, had something to do with this growth. It's a God-given opportunity to be able to work with our future adults. I thank God for this gift.

John R. Latimer
Headmaster
(Honorary Graduate Class of '96)

THE PRINCIPAL OF THE JUNIOR SCHOOL



In a much quoted book on leadership by Field Marshal Bernard Montgomery, he states that to learn this skill, junior officers ought to have many experiences with fearful situations. His belief is that when we experience fear, we learn to approach new situations with caution and reason. Without such exposure, the tendency is to rush into what may turn out to be ill-advised action. Edmund Burke spoke of “early and provident fear [that] is the mother of safety”.

C.S. Lewis discussed different kinds of fear in his book, “The Problem of Pain”. He gives as an example the different fear when faced by a tiger compared to that we experience when believing a ghost to be present. The fear of the tiger is one of danger, but one is not primarily afraid of what a ghost may do, but of the mere fact that it is a ghost. He calls this emotion in the face of the unknown “dread” or “awe”. His point is obviously that the “fear of God” is a different fear, but a reasonable response to the unknown.

When a boy begins a new school, he fears the unknown rather than danger.

Is this fear unreasonable or wrong for the child? More likely, it is an opportunity to learn a life-skill in dealing with fear. When we ask boys to speak in front of their peers in class, we know that many of them experience considerable fear, but without the opportunity, and the compulsion, to perform, they may never learn this essential art. Fear is a real part of life. In Francis Bacon’s words, “Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes.”

I would suggest that there is a need for all of us to experience fear to learn essential skills, and that we are wrong to try to provide an educational experience that is free from fear. Similarly, learning appropriate, social, and moral behaviour is often, in the beginning, inculcated by fear of consequences. Conscience is perhaps but the internalized fear of disapproval or punishment.

It is our role (parents and teachers) to make sure that fear in a learning situation does not become extreme. (Reasonable quantities of fear are motivating, but extreme terror is

debilitating.) How do we allow (even try to provide opportunities for) our children to experience the former without risk of the latter? In present society, parents and teachers are enjoined to provide an environment for their children that is always warm and totally joyful, yet what parent has not threatened negative consequences to follow inappropriate behaviour and then hoped that the child’s fear of this disapproval would keep him from temptation? Similarly, I would argue that the learning situation should have an element of fear from time to time. If we suggest to our children that life should be constantly happy, we deceive them and deprive them of the resiliency that is essential in developing to adulthood.

Andrew Barlow



THE PRINCIPAL OF THE SENIOR SCHOOL

Have you ever tried to define Royal St. George's College? The task is daunting but let me share one approach with you. The school has a unique character - one captured only with attention to each of the five basic senses; they weave a tapestry of this institution.

The basic fabric is supplied by the eye. The visual stimuli of the wash of House Tee-shirts at the Cross-Country Meet, the stream of Georgians entering the Chapel for the Friday evensong, the ordered rows of desks in the gymnasium for examinations and the smiles of the students recognized at the Honour Breakfasts, the Athletic Banquet and Prize Day provide a rich imagery of the College. The power of the visual images played out in two slide presentations this year: the first at the Granite Club for Mr. Latimer's retirement dinner and the second at the MacMillan Theatre on Prize Day.

Texture is added by taste and smell. The aroma of the "sticky buns" being prepared by the kitchen staff, the mud pit at the Kilcoo retreats, the burst of flavour provided by the jelly beans from the Headmaster, the glorious smell of a new book or the not-so-glorious smell of the halls after a tough physical workout - they all contribute to the

"feel" of a space well lived in.

The touch of the door handle on a cold winter's day contrasts with the warmth of the handshakes proffered at meeting new people. The grasp of teammates' hands in competitions, the pat on the shoulder for a job well done, the ache in the arms after carrying the food drive donations to the fire hall and the affectionate response from Oliver (the School Cat) or George (the Head's chocolate lab puppy) give a focus to the character of the College.

But for me, the defining sense is hearing. When the summer months drag on, I crave the sound of students and staff in the halls. Missing are the heated discussions in the classes and corridors which speak of vibrancy and intellectual growth. The subdued whispers of friends scheming the next practical joke or the activities for the week-end are merely, cherished memories. The tensions provided by the bell and the commotion surrounding period change are wanting. Oh, I long for the sound of an open field tackle on the soccer pitch, for the coach yelling encouragement to the players, for the majestic music brought to life by the hands and feet of Tim Pyper in his role as Chapel organist, for the sound of movies or debate from the classes, for the pounding of students' feet down the stairwell.

The seasons are captured by the sense of hearing. School gets underway with the sudden resurgence of sound - the excited chatting of classmates recounting the summer's experiences and the slamming of locker doors. We know that we have made it into winter with the sound of desks being carried to the gym and the choirs rehearsing for the Carol Service. Trip week and the roar of the buses pushes the College into spring. And finally, Prize Day brings completion to the cycle - congratulations abound for students who have reached their goals, thank yous are offered to "the teacher that made a difference". Then it ends. Silence descends on the College once more. But it is this sense of hearing that brings the fabric of the College to life.

The shared experiences bind friends together - today and into the future. For the last eight years, John Latimer has been a part of the sights, tastes, smells, touches and sounds of RSGC. His attitudes, actions, admonitions and encouragements have pushed us all to grow. Thank you for sharing your talents, family and life with us John. Your ideals will be carried within us.

Murray Pengelly

Staff Section



Ackley: Have you had your break today? ♪



Barlow: If it's not yours, don't touch it.



Birkett: I had a nightmare last night; I was the head of Rogers Cable.



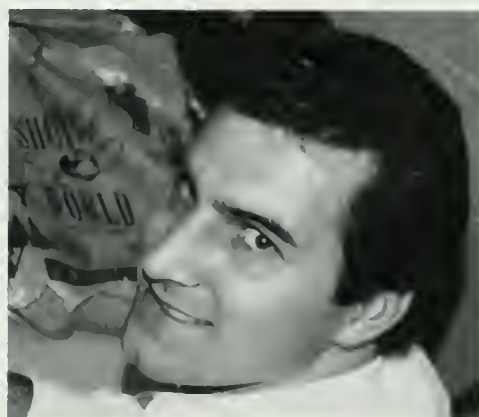
Bryant: I didn't realize they'd be serving non-alcoholic beer.



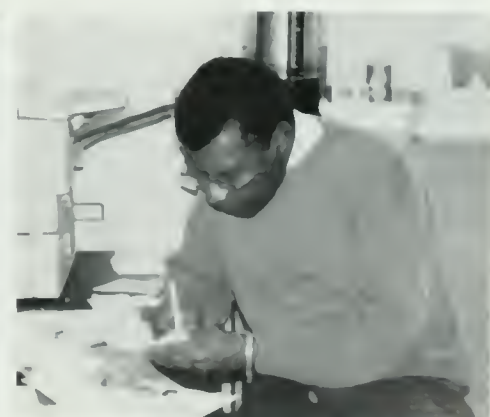
Cooper: I have no idea what happened to the cat.



D'Arcy: I'll have two dogs and a beer.



Daleman: I look beautiful, don't I?



Denis: They're paying us in quarters. ♪



Evans: Dazed and Confused.



Fowler: Uhh... Let me think.



Grieve: Noxzema girls get noticed.



Hall: Kiss of the Spider Woman.



Hill: Always look on the bright side of life.



Holdsworth: Gotta love the shirt.



Hutchinson: They should sell my wife's spaghetti at the new Molson Centre.



Jamieson: I gotta get outta here.



Keenan: Oh, for \$#@* sake!



Kerr: *Braveheart* changed my life.



Latimer: My work here is done.



Leatch: Is this acting or what?



Martin: What is that music!?



Lee: I'm going to be the next Robert Wise.



Love: Heh, heh... Get out of my office.



McElroy: Perhaps I should throw you out of the window.



McMaster: I hope Gerd doesn't catch me with his jacket



Mustard: It took me all term to work up this smile.



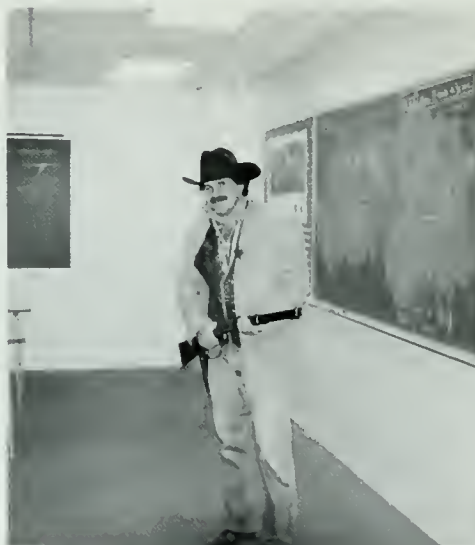
Nakatsu: I'll see you tomorrow at 8:00...
Better make that 7:30.



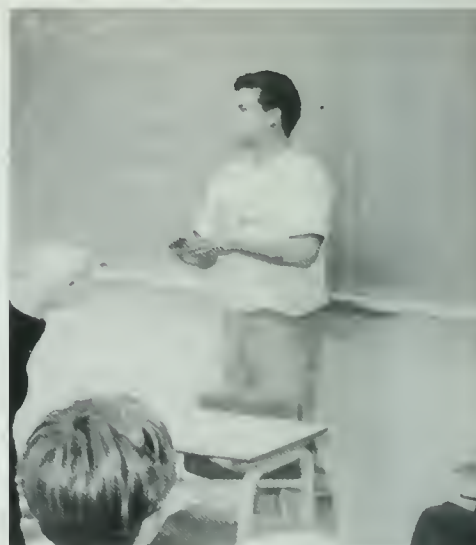
Miller: Oh dear! I almost missed the
Paradigm Shift.



Pengelly: Mmmmm...Cybercorn!



Orlando: Come on, vectorize me!



O'Leary: Stop with the Irish jokes!



Reid: Ah yes, The subtleties of life!



Rankin: I take all my dates to the Love Canal.



Paulin: Monsieur Clean!



Sarellas: The new kid on the block.



Schreiner: No, I am not the Blue Ranger.



Siewert: Hey! Here comes Dr. Skalinski!



Skalinski: Hey! I'm hugging Herr Siewert!



Timm: *Bad to the Bone!*



Van Herk: Idiots. I am surrounded by idiots.



Wade West: Look into my eyes!

Other



N. Barlow: My husband never smiles, so I'm making up for it.



Bubba: Maybe next year these kids will learn how to clean up after themselves.



Devereux: I am the Lord of my Manor.



Grant: You can't buy hats like this any more.



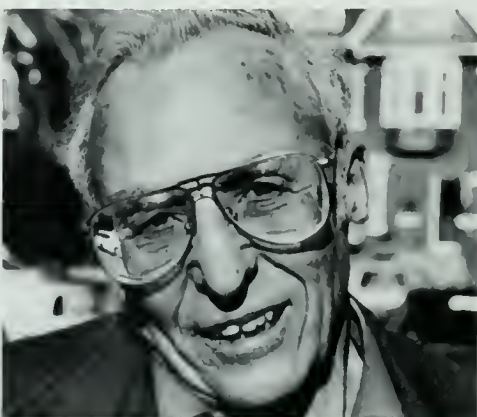
Foster: Pip, pip, cheerio.



Hume: Oh yeah, I'll run you over with my car.



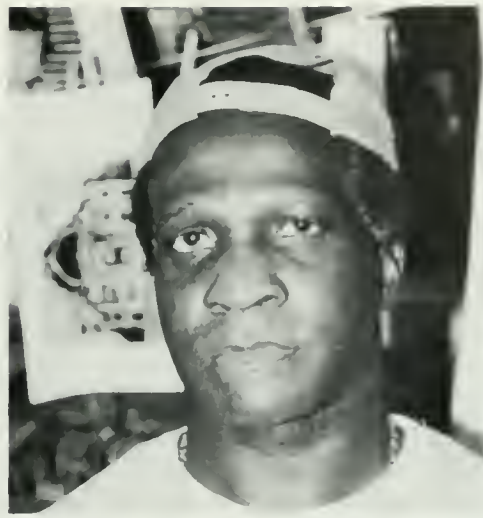
Karastechi: Where is my coffee!?



McLynn: Clip your lock? Again?!



Oritz: I love life and life loves me.



Tremblay: In the evenings, I run a Karaoke bar!

Stevens: Do you feel lucky? Well do ya?

Emerson: Be nice to me, I make your lunch.



Skinner: Oh... and I thought that cheque was for me.

Comeau: if it's Monday it must be meatloaf.



Seddon: James Bond, eat your heart out!

Wade West: Do you remember your flats and sharps?

Ramez: Rats! I'm surrounded by lab rats!

Board Of Governors

Board of Governors 1995-1996

The Right Reverend Terence Finlay, Lord Bishop of Toronto

Honorary Chairman

Executive Committee

Mr. Bob Manning (Chairman)

Mr. Russel Robertson (Vice-Chairman)

Ms. Alison Youngman (Secretary)

Mr. Andrew Jones (Treasurer)

Mr. John Latimer (Headmaster)

Board Members

Ms. Mary Beadon

Mr. Brian Bently (Bursar)

Mrs. Carole Cowper-Smith

Mrs. Susan Crerar

The Rev. Dr. Timothy Elliot

Mr. Derek Hayes

Mr. John Kerr

Mr. Bob Rubinof

Mr. John Wesley

Mr. Wolf von Teichman



Right: Mr Bob Manning, Chairman of the board of Governors, presenting a formal photograph of Mr Latimer at his retirement dinner.

Old Boys



Old Boys at the annual Pub Night

The Men's Association exists to provide a means for Old Boys from the College to get together. In addition to social events, the Men's Association gives invaluable assistance to RSGC on occasions such as Careers Day when Old Boys share their time to assist current Georgians in making important career decisions.



The Guild



Guild Report for Yearbook

The Guild, which is made up of parent volunteers, has undertaken numerous ventures aimed at improving communications between students, parents and staff, as well as raising funds to improve the school and enhance the students' situation.

The first in the long list of Guild social functions began with the highly acclaimed New Parents' Reception, co-hosted with the Alumni and Headmaster, in Ketchum Hall, September 26th. This was followed by the New Mothers' Dinner on October 25th the Confirmation Tea on November 1st, Volunteer Recognition Day, Shop Volunteer Appreciation Breakfast and Meeting on June 3rd, Junior School Graduation Tea on June 1st, Staff Luncheon on June 12th and finally the Senior School Graduation Tea at Seeley Hall, Trinity College, University of Toronto.

Joining the list of fund raising ventures such as the annual Book Sale, Poinsettia Sale and Used Uniform Exchange, we are happy to report the successful establishment of the school Guild shop, christened *The Dragon's Lair*, and officially opened on November 30th.

The Royal St. George's College Guild has sent delegations to Interguild venues such as the Shop Suppliers' Workshop Day at Holy Trinity School, the Communications Workshop at Branksome Hall, the Interguild's Annual General Meeting at Bayview Glen School and the Suppliers' Day at Country Day School. These are wonderful fact finding opportunities to see and be seen

by other schools similar to ours.

The Guild started the year with 11 new executives of which all, except two, are returning to serve another term. This is proof of the tremendous co-operation, fun and rewarding experience it is being a part of the Guild. I encourage you all to volunteer and join in.

The Guild donates all its profits each year to the school. I am proud to report that the total of \$35,700.00, will be disbursed as follows; \$8,000.00 Bursaries, \$1,000.00 Awards (\$200.00 Music, \$300.00 Junior Georgian, \$500.00 J.L. Wright Medal), \$500.00 yearbook, \$6,000.00 Headmasters Wish List and finally \$20,000.00 Capital Campaign Fund (this combined with last years contribution of \$15,000.00 totals \$35,000.00 donated to the Capital Fund in two years). Last but not least, the Guild has established the John R. Latimer Junior and Senior Public Speaking Awards in the amount of \$100.00 each. This is a new tradition set up to commemorate the retirement of our much respected and admired Headmaster.

The Guild owes it's success to the enthusiastic support of the parents, students and staff who work so well together and who I wholeheartedly congratulate and sincerely thank.

Lucia Molnar Wing
President
Royal St. George's College Guild
1995-1996

Royal St. George's College Guild

Officers:

Lucia Wing President
Linda Robinson 1st Vice President
Judith Gilman 2nd Vice President
Dustan Becker Recording Secretary
Jean McGrath Corresponding Secretary
Nancy Riley Treasurer

Executive:

Charlene Enfield
Barbara McCord Social Convenor
Mako Oishi Junior School Grade Convenor
Margie Barr Senior School Grade Convenor
Karen Latner
Kathie Maggisano Shop Steering Committee Convenor
Judith Baldry Used Uniform Sale
Ariane Heisey
Minette von Bieberstein Used Textbook Sale
Leslie Waters
Kay Golding Poinsettia Sale
Karin Brothers Library Convenor
Gail Brooker Tour Guides Liaison
Gillian von Teichman Life Member Rep
Carole Cowper-Smith Board of Governors Rep



STUDENTS

The 1995-96 Prefects



Back: Andrew Gulyas, Mathew Kelly, David Dewees, Geoffry Mariani, Jamie Frawley, Andrew von Teichman, Timothy Pacaud, Andrew Sjogren, Philippe Bedard, Andrew Blanchette. **Front:** Taylor Armstrong, Jim Bunting.



Matching hair and jelly beans.



The Prefects getting the beats.



Directing the crowds.



Phil the King of Subway sleepers with the wicked shades

VALEDICTORY SPEECH 96

by

Andrew von Teichman

Thank you Mr. Latimer, Board of Directors, students, staff and families.

What a fantastic decade! From 1986 to 1996, I've spent over half of my life at a school that I now call my home away from home. In ten years, Royal St. George's College has taken significant steps to become what it is today; one of the finest independent schools in Canada. Throughout my stay, I've seen a lot happen: 557 assemblies, 1,162 chapel services (and nearly as many detentions), the Royal designation, the purchasing of the property and numerous other things that would take far too long to mention.

My very first memory of St. George's, as it was previously called, came from my two older brothers. Des and Matt had very different points of view. Despite the fact that he feared the intimidating principal, Dr. Barlow, Desmond gave the school his stamp of approval. But as Mr. McElroy recalled to me a short while ago (and he really likes to tell this story), Matt spent his first week and a half crying so hard that the janitors could use dry mops to clean the floors. So I really didn't know what to expect heading into my first days of grade four. By the end of the first week, the entire class was thoroughly confused. We had learned that every time a teacher entered the room, we all had to stand and wait to be told to sit. We felt as if we were little puppies being house



trained. Next, we had to keep a record of all our homework assignments in our trusty homework books. Every day, without fail, we had to fill them out fully and completely. The general consensus among us was that we were being treated like little kids! Lastly, we had to wear these funny looking maroon blazers and ties that choked us. Here we were, paying a whole bunch of money to go to a private school and we didn't even have the freedom to wear what we wanted. As I said, it was all thoroughly confusing.

In retrospect, however, all those "confusing" routines make good sense now. Why were we told to stand when the teacher entered the room? It was out of respect and courtesy. Why did we have to write our homework in

a book every day? Because we were being taught how to organize ourselves and budget our time. As for the uniforms, we wear them because we are being brought up to look and feel like gentlemen. In a matter of a few weeks, the grade four class of 1986 had learned three principles which we will always carry with us. Respect, organization and the importance of appearances.

In grade seven, I joined my first school team. Under fourteen volleyball was the sport and the infamous joke teller, Mr. Schreiner, was the coach. Well, I had never played any sports before but I knew one thing; that winning was the only thing! (Had I maintained that attitude all season, I would have been an unhappy camper because I don't recall winning more than one game). Nevertheless, after I made the team, which was a thrill in itself, Mr. Schreiner sat us down and told us what he expected. To begin with, he told us a joke: A mushroom walks into a bar and asks for a drink. The bartender says no, to which the mushroom replies: "Ah come on, I'm a *fungi*!" In seriousness, he said it really didn't matter if we won or not but more if we had a good time, worked as a team and respected ourselves as well as our opponents. By the end of the season, we had learned all the words Jamie Frawley alluded to a few weeks ago at the Athletic Banquet: teamwork, sportsmanship, motivation, determination and initiative. Win or lose, we shook hands with the opposing team,

rallied right down to the wire, and had a lot of fun doing it. At one point or another, we tasted victory that season but as in any sport, we tasted defeat too. Nonetheless, anyone who has played on a team at R.S.G.C. knows how to win and lose and deal with both like a true sportsman.

Of all my years at St. George's, grade 13 was by far the best. In September, we travelled to Kilcoo for our university information/team work session. We came together as a class and got to know the new guys like Brady and Mark. We especially got to know Mr. Latimer who joined us one morning for the polar bear club in the buff. When we arrived back at school, we realized the summer was really over and it was time to get to work. The prefects began their quest for the elusive "70 skit" mark. This represented two skits a week from September until June. I'm very proud to say we reached our goal with flying colours and although this record may one day be equalled, it will never be broken! Not only that but the prefects throughout the year managed to raise over six thousand dollars from dances, semi's, grub days and of course the lip-snyc - an amazing amount considering the size of the school.

During the year we dealt with stress, time management and rather hectic social lives, and to relieve the tension we relaxed and had some good times in the prefect room. Because of all the fun we had as a class at Kilcoo, we decided to travel abroad to Mexico for one week of the March Break for our grad trip. It was then that we realized our time as active Georgians was running out. And it was then that we realized we had to make the most of what was left of our year. We racked our brains for ideas and then one Thursday before

the long weekend, it came to us. We had to pull a prank that would always be remembered! Mr. Manning, bearing in mind our apology, how did we do? Our stay at Royal St. George's has been all about learning things and in particular, learning from mistakes. I can assure you that on the night of the athletic banquet, we all learned some things: always think things through very carefully before doing them and consider the consequences of those actions.

Looking back over the year or years we have spent at R.S.G.C. I can honestly say, and I believe I speak on behalf of the entire class, that we have absolutely no regrets. We have all made the most of our stay and contributed as much as we could along the way. About two weeks ago, three guys aged nineteen had a horrific motor cross accident. One died and the other two will spend months recovering in hospital from broken bones and various injuries. When a couple of us visited them, one of the guys who was involved said that we take so many things in life for granted: the ability to move and talk, the opportunity to go to a great school or the ability to simply say thanks. Well let me take this opportunity to say thanks to a few people. To begin with, the dedicated staff of Royal St. George's College. Teaching eight or nine classes a day, spending valuable extra time with a student who is struggling, or coaching a team, our faculty are certainly among the most well trained and well respected in the business. Many stories could be told about each one of you, and for all the work you have done and the things you've taught us; we thank you.

To the most under-rated person in the school, Mr. Pengelly. As Principal, he's given each and every one of us a hard time at one point or another.

But, he's always been there for advice and friendship as well, and for that we are grateful.

To all the committed parents who were so supportive when things were not going our way, and for coming to watch us at sporting events, musical concerts and drama productions we thank you. Without your support, we wouldn't be here today. To my Mom and Dad specifically, I couldn't think of a more appropriate time to say: I love you both.

And finally to our school's true leader, our Headmaster, Mr. Latimer. No one has ever brought to the school what you have. You are a charismatic, outgoing and high energy man who has transformed, in a matter of only eight years, Royal St. George's College into one of the most respected schools around, academically, athletically and socially. As you told us last evening, the early days as headmaster were the most difficult but in a very short amount of time, you silenced the critics and have been a tremendous example to us all. We would be proud and honoured if you were to consider yourself a member of the graduating class of 1996.

Leaving Royal St. George's will not be an easy thing to do for any of the 36, and now 37, of us. There is so much pride and respect for the school that has taught us so much. As we move on in our lives with great anticipation we will all, at one point or another, have to take a step back and remember that Royal St. George's College has given us all the opportunity of a life time. Thank you.



When I arrived from Euro-Land for my last year of high school at RSGC, the guys welcomed me as one of them and really made me feel at home. Too bad I had 7 OAC's to complete and not much time to party but the times when we did it was hardcore.

I'd like to thank everyone for their support during this difficult year, especially mom, dad and Cheet for standing by me all the way. Also, I'd like to thank Mr. Schreiner for the great Bio classes and the after-hours discussions, Mr. D'Arcy for all his support, and Mrs. Hall for being a great person to work with on the yearbook.

Memories: under the bridge, school dance (the stalker), semi (pissing on the fence), lip synch (the judge), P.V.(the eurospeedos, the Jeep, Christine's "Yo Perrault, wake up!", tequila volleyball), the box at Lenny's the goods!. To my mates: DJ Static: keep those tables turning, Labancz (my chem pal): chill out on the broads " This is all bollocks!", Peter Cheung: keep smiling man, Vinny: you're my best friend ever!

Your future is what you make of it. God bless.

Marc Antoniades



St. George's has given me seven of my greatest years, but alas, so few words to share them. From McElroy and Hutch to the characters of JRL, Gage, Mr. P., M. P., VH, Doc, D'Arcy (a fellow quietman), and the rest of the cast, I thank you all. The sight of a familiar orange ball will always bring back Halifax, B.C., and one asphalt driveway (100 degrees, 100 points, let's rock Chubb!). I have been blessed by the rooming company of Mr. Dewees (EVERY trip week), and also with Bunting's curveball - BAM! Good luck to the Meatheads; may you always provide quality entertainment. And I could never forget the letters: PCHOA, NYC, DC, IV and GLB. Mom, Dad and Ashley, thanks for all your support and these wonderful opportunities. "Oh, and Mrs. G, be sure to set an extra place for Sunday's dinner."

Finally, to the Kingsway triumvirate, Phil (my critical conscience), the Turd (no, he's not my brother dammit!), and Drew (the one and only kid) - you gave me my fondest memories.

Thanks for everything St. George's.

Taylor Armstrong



"Education is not the filling of a pail, but the lighting of a fire."

Many thanks to Big Red, Guy Paulin, the Doktor, JK (buth), & the rest for having a needed spark.

Also: thanks to VH, Nak & all of the b-ball boyz - from Hal, Fudge, & Natty to the Burronis -- for the good times (0-9!) on and off the hardwood. Thanks to Teich, the Rat, & the Meatheads for all of the weekend bliss. Thanks to Sjog, Dan, & Jack P. for always keeping me humble. Thanks to Drew, Derek, & the GLB for making me laugh all the way back to Etobicoke. Finally, special thanks to Mom, Dad & A-C for your continued guidance and support.

My priceless memories: Wong's Tea House, Top Gun in Gr. 9 history, the black mama, Carole's/Princess/Folichon in QC, the infamous Chorley Park incident, Doc's wild Chem classes, PQ's marathon pickup games on Chubber's driveway, NYC, the hardcore & the ass-talker in Boston, Matty K's 19th B-Day, Noseman, Jorge's Chiquita specials, Habib & the raging sickness in PV, and the extended TTC snooze.

Check out time. . . it's been a blast, I'll miss you all.

"I've got to leave to find my way." - R.E.M.

Philippe Bedard



Whatz Up! After 7 years at RSGC, I must ask a few valid questions: 1) Was the money spent on RSGC worth the corvette I could have had when I was 16? 2) Why wasn't I captain every year, Johnny? 3) Would RSGC have been different if I was on Winch, Cant, or York? the time I spent at RSGC was priceless and my memories are numerous. Finally, I'd like to thank my Mom and Dad and my three brothers for standing behind me and helping me to make it this far. Also, thanks to Jim, Naohide, Behzad and Kristin for all the good times. To all the boys and the Royal St. George's community, thank you. The dynasty continues, 3 down and 1 to go. Answers: 1) RSGC was hands down.

2) He's Abrously insane.

3) Yes, I would have had to accept defeat.

Andrew Blanchette



What the! What do you mean I'm graduating. Thanks to everyone at RSGC I've had a great 7 years. A special thanks to Mom, Dad, Jordy, Coach, Stefan, Zack, Brady (for bringing home the ski trophy), and all my friends. I had a great time this year. My favourite memories include our Tuesday nights up north; where we all "stripped" away our defences. I got to see everyone from a completely different perspective. I had a fantastic time on the grad trip whether it was 40 below, 3 stories up, or riding in the back of a police truck. During my stay at RSGC, I learned some valuable lessons.

1 - Ginsue knives really can cut through metal. (right Drew)

2 - Never leave Teich alone with your car (keep your eyes open meat head)

3- I'll never win a spelling B. (And Emmanuel's last name is not spelled N-U-D-I-T-Y, although maybe DQ's should be)

4- I'm really going to miss St George's.

Thanks again, and good luck to my fellow grads and Me. Latimer were all going to have a big change of scenery next year.

Jim Bunting (RATS, RATs, RAts, Rats, rats, hogs.)



Ya, ya, ya. Highschool is done. I got that piece of paper that says I passed it and a lot of memories. A.A., you were a punk, now you're a sell out. C.S. you were locked up, but now you're livin' large. L.U.C., you know what's up! To everyone that I chilled with, back in the day, later. To the boyz in my Hood keep on burning those draws. RSGC, Mr. Latimer and Mr. P. thanks for everything you've done for me.

To the grads, we didn't party much, but the few times we did, it was bad (that means good for those in the east end). You're all a bunch of good guys. L.A.G., like LL Cool J said "It's more than a crush." You know how to take that.

Mom and Dad, I could say so much, but I won't. thank you both for everything. I owe you both so much.

To everyone else in the world remember; "It's all good!"

Stephen Burditt



What are we? How are we deemed individual? Perhaps, the answer is that we are but the sum of our experiences. If the previous statement is true, then I am proud of what I have become. The experiences I have encountered at St. George's have shaped what I am today. Boz, the Big Man, M.C., M.C.T.K.O. and homestyle cooking - many names, many memories. Thanks for all the times Austin, Jay, and Chris G. Peter thanks for your support and friendship. To my girlfriend Tamara, I love you more than words can ever convey. To my parents, grandparents, and all my friends, I am grateful to those of you who have had an influence on me. At St. George's I have found knowledge. This knowledge has helped me envision a dream: The dream will form my future.

Bryce Carter



It has been a long year, because so many things had happened; it has also been a short year, because time had gone so fast. I have learned a lot and I wish to thank all my friends and teachers, especially Peter Labancz, who helped me with my English OAC; Marc, who always smiles and makes me happy; Jim, who told me where our headmaster's office is; Netan, who looked so cool, but never felt tired in helping the others; David, who often told me to "watch my back"; Dennis, who told me everything about this school; and finally Henry, who is the best.

Peter Cheung





My four years in Royal St. George's were indeed marvelous. The friendly faces and kind words of teachers and classmates helped carry me through the initial difficult period of adapting to Canadian life. Through these years, I learned to learn, change and grow, explore new dimensions and discover the possibilities that challenge us each day.

I would like to take this opportunity to give special thanks to my advisor, Mr. Pengelly, for his encouraging and enlightened counsel and guidance. My thanks go to dedicated teachers, Mr. D'arcy, My. van Herk, Dr. Skalinski, Mr. Rankin and Father Hill for all their support.

To my classmates and friends in RSGC, I vow to keep you in mind always.....? Henri and Peter, remember Kilcoo? Alex, I wish I could have the same spares as you again, they were fun indeed. Asad, remember how many torturing hours we spent together programming in C? I like being your partner in badminton games or in programming. Nick, I don't want to say anything here to 'inch' you like you did last year, the only thing that I want to say to you here is 'THANKS!!!'.

RSGC, I will always remember you! My heartfelt thanks to Mom and Dad for carefully choosing this esteemed school. Last of all, I thank my brother, Michael, alumni of RSGC and my sister Angela for their support and encouragement. RSGC, teachers, fellow classmates and friends - Good Luck, Good Health, GodBlessYou.

Dennis Chiu



I'd like to start off by thanking my parents and my sister for providing me with the support and motivation necessary to get through these last 4 years. Also thanks to Dr. Skalinski, Mr. D'arcy, and Mr. Nakatsu for providing me with endless hours of help over the years. All the boys I kicked it with: Wild C / the most BUCKWILD man around! / Tical is Bang'in! / you scamer! / see you at MAC! Brian B. / GEA! / "Wu-Tang is on ya brain"! Dr.Tre / That's how it is! Red-light district / Marc maan! / Keep that techno bangin' and the stalkers runnin! /White Light / Long Dong Karout / Hey Boy! / kirby / Tribe Rocks! WHAT'S THE SCENERIO? / Dreas / Huh! Huh! - You're Unbelievable!

Memories: Ottawa the worst! / Quebec / Dorset / Bri- Punks Jump Up! / Bolton/s*@tc'mon! / NEW YORK / WOOHAH! / 40's! / Tres Parts / STATIC COPS / Finally the METHOD MAN Concert that never was!

It's been a blast but: 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, murder I STATIC'S out the door!

THE WORLD IS YOURS ————— NAS
PEACE

Netan Choudhrey

(AKA.DJ.STATIC)



"A man travelling across a field encountered a tiger. He fled, the tiger after him. Coming to a precipice, he caught hold of a root of a wild vine and swung himself over the edge.

The tiger sniffed at him from above. Trembling, the man looked down to where, far below, another tiger was waiting to eat him. Only the vine sustained him. Two mice, one white and one black, little by little started to gnaw away at the vine. The man then saw a luscious strawberry near him.

Grasping the vine with one hand, he plucked the strawberry with the other. How sweet it tasted."

I find it hard to sum up my existence at RSGC. Ten years is a very long time to spend in one place. Thank you to the school and its staff: Mr. D'arcy, Love, Holdsworth, Pengelly, Latimer, Lee, Kerr, Kennan, and Rankin, thanks so much for everything. To all friends, (if you don't know who you are, ask me) the good times will never be forgotten and here's to the many more to come. A final thanks to my parents, for never have they made a better decision than to send me here.

"The best way to predict your future is to create it." Unknown.

John Damanis



Throughout his life at St. George's David aquired, by imposed nomenclature, a variety of identities. From his ingnomious beginning as 'weasle' through 'dweeb', 'dweedle-dee' (Dr.Bryant), 'little Welsh boy' (D. Valliancourt), 'Louise' (Dr. Skalinski), and ultimately 'hard-core' (P. Bedard & D. Gulyas), he proved that "a bird in the hand gathers no moss."

And while during some of those years he showed academic brilliance, and others dedication to music (and a host of philanthropic endeavours), we can be sure that he would want all members of the Georgian family to be assured of this fact above all else: "my words may not be enough thanks, nor my future achievements sufficient reward, but know this, that I have grown because of your support, your impact on me will never be forgotten. I came to St. George's weak in many ways, but I leave with the peach-fuzz of manhood sprouting on my academic chin And not just my academic chin, but every chin of every facet of my many-faced life. (Gross verbosity was always a strong point.) Many thanks to Mrs. Graham, Dr. Bryant, and Mr. Jamieson, who performed dangerous and impossible tasks at my request. And to all staff of both Junior and Senior schools: thanks, you know I can't express myself clearly in less than 1382 words."

"Him the Almighty Power hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky with hideous ruin and combustion down to bottomless perdition, there to dwell in adamantne chains and penal fire."

— John Milton (Paradise Lost)

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. As it was in the beginning is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

David James Redington Dewees (b. 1977)





What a truly incredible experience. My seven years at Royal St. George's have given me some of the most important and meaningful lessons in life. I can't offer enough thanks to everyone who has helped shape the character I am today. These people have helped build the foundation of my life. The memories... The Posse! May we live forever P S M B J B B G I won't forget. A T M R T P M K - So many incredible memories. Thanks boys. Gas House: we owned the camp, never has there been such an insane combo. Why so good? I finally found the H.P. sauce in the cold room - ICE! Bro- I'm proud I can finally say that we were never pooy kids... or were we? Matty K- Thanks for all of the philosophical advice DUDE! Meathead night at Teich's- sorry about the destruction Cheers to spring/summer pool parties and barbeques. U16 V-ball Champs; thanks Coop! Caledon Reunion - the ultimate party. Tuesday nights to Collingwood - the triple drive-through with Trev McClelland's basement. Scottish Balls - Why so fun!? The endless search for skits. New Years - enough said. Favourite place in the world. Go Home Bay, G B Thank you: Mr Latimer, Mr. Holdsworth, Mr. Love, Mr. Orlando, J.F. and S.S. I give all my love to Mum, Dad, lil' Bro and Marty. Thank you all.

Jamie Frawley



I've been in the RSGC uniform for so long, and made so many friends, and attained so many memories here that just can't be summed up in 200 words, so I won't even bother I'll just highlight my stay in the senior school

Grade 9: Wet pants, the big Woman, shoulder tapping

Grade 10: Nudy Bar

Grade 11: Nudy Bar

Grade 12: Nudy Bar

Grade 13: PV: the runs, the puke cah SCS women (why so hot), accident prone, best week ever

I woe my present state to a number of people who have influence me (whether good or bad) throughout my life. Thanks to: firstly, my father, mother and sister, the entire RSGC staff especially Nak, all of my buddies including. Sumo, stoagie, Danah, Stan, Mac-Daddy, Mudd, Sugar Daddy, Freik, Bunting, DQ, Retard, Techno, Sedge, Zach, Kelly, Dillon, that crazy guy screech, and the rest of the gang. I've been in uniform for so long, I can't imagine any other life. Good luck to the next generation.

Bay

"Be a simple kind of man, be something you'll love and understand"

-Lynnard Skynnard

Behzad Ghoth



I have high hopes for the future, and if I'm lucky I always will. When Geoff Stuart welcomed me to R.S.G.C. in grade 9, my hope was to finish high school and be able to say that I did well and had fun. Now I can. That welcome in true Georgian spirit has guided me through 5 challenging but wonderful years. Welcome what's new with a smile and enthusiasm. Mom, Dad, Ryan, and Cate, thanks for teaching me the meaning of unconditional love. Meatheads thanks for making me laugh. Thanks for the rat missions Rat. Phil, thank for recognizing the granola in me. I'm glad I got to know you Za. To my class and all those who went before me, thanks for giving all that you had to offer. Taylor I couldn't ask for more in a friend. Thanks to Big Red, Mr. Holdsworth, Dr. Skalinski, Mr. Keenan, Mr. Nakatsu and everyone else that made sure I learned to learn. Fifth business, Chem Class, Our Town, R&G, Lit Class, trip week, PV, and house league, keep your stick on the tarmac Mr. Love, JRL, thank you for your open mind, your support and your confidence.

"Thanks, thanks to thee my worthy friend, for the lessons thou hast taught!"

Thus at the flaming forge of life Our fortunes must be wrought;

Thus on its sounding anvil shaped Each deed and thought."

- Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Drew Gulyas



"I feel I've stepped out of the wilderness, all squint-eyed and confused " Now, "Whoa baby I feel fine, I'm pretty sure it's genuine." When I quit skiing I realized that "you gotta do what you feel is real." So "I looked up to the lord above, and said "hey man thanks."" He said, "you had your dreams fulfilled." I said, "that is such a you thing to say." And then "I got a sense of connectedness, "that connection was with RSGC. "This is where it all starts getting good." Now "how do I explain this, how do I put it into words, it's one thing or another, but it's either this or that, actually, it's a collection of things." 1995-96 has been the best year of my life, and I have everyone in the world to thank for it. Thank you Mom, thank you Dad, Caroline, Rio, the Ryckel's, all the boys at St. George's, and all my skiing friends, my Muskoka buddies, The Tragically Hip for helping me write this, and everyone else that can't be categorized. Guys, "I love you even when I don't even know I'm doing it." With very little else to say, "I gotta go, it's been a pleasure doing business with you "

Brady Joel





He's not puking in the bathroom, he's drowning in the rip tide. CODE RED!

We dove into our final year at a crazy pace, and we haven't slowed down yet, so allow me to propose a toast before the moment has passed. I raise my glass to Mom, Dad, Vlad, and Mike for putting up with me, and giving me all these opportunities. I never can manage to thank you enough. To the boys I love, Timmy, Jamie, Teich, Zach, Brady, and Ruby. We'll have to meet in our corner and reminisce about the times we've had. A toast to my fellow prefects - the greatest the school's ever seen. To the staff at R.S.G.C., keeping me relaxed and having a lot of freedom. I have gained so much from this privilege. My glass is raised to so many fond memories! To the ski team and HOG-wild nights up north, the Lip Synch with KISS, and the Triple Entente II in Mexico. To many philosophical discussions with Jamie (Dude, it's all about destiny), many messy cab rides with Sjogren and Mudd, and many ferry rides in Greece. To the very fuzzy memory of my 19th at the Bloor St. Cafe. To all our skits, didn't manage to have many clothes on for many of them. Finally, to the Sign of the Skier for giving me paychecks to fund a ludicrous lifestyle surrounded by meat heads, art skids, nerds, hard cores, and some lovely ladies. Cheers!

"So we're drinking and we're dancing

and the band is really happening

and the Johnny Walker wisdom running high...it's CLOSING TIME" - Leonard Cohen

"Wild Horses couldn't drag me away" - The Rolling Stones

Thank You

Matthew Kelly



What a weird feeling...sitting here writing my own Grad Quote!

Seven years, and so much to show for them. Having been part of the Junior School, I feel as though I've experienced the best of both worlds (MacElroy/D'arcy, O'leary/Schriener, Denis/Paulin), and of course so many more. The things I've endured this year (namely chemistry) would not have been possible without Mr. Pengelly's constant support and Dr. Skalinski's perpetual patience, I sincerely thank you both. More space must be spent on thanking my chemistry team which also helped me survive, thanks to Netan, Marc, and Peter Cheung! The seven years I've spent with all the guys were great, but none were as memorable as this final year, from the lipsink to P.V. they will always be remembered. Finally, but most importantly I thank my parents for everything they've gone through to send their son to R.S.G.C.

Peter Labancz



It's been an interesting two years at R.S.G.C. I've made many new friends and had exciting times. Coming to R.S.G.C. was one choice in my life I will never regret. If I didn't come to this school I probably wouldn't have become the raging alcoholic I am today (just joking!!!) But really, I've had a great time doing lots of amazing, excellent stuff. The parties were awesome: the yard glass at Teich's, semi parties on the bridle path, getting pie-eyed with the boyz!!! THE GOODS!! Mostly, meeting the love of my life, Cindilicious (LuvU 4ever). I'll always remember all the wicked trips I took. Costa Rica Band Trip, New York. Trip to Kilcoo, Montreal (allnightatsexohyababywhataime!!) and Washington. Thanks to all the teachers I had, especially Big Red and Mr. HW for their overwhelming support, Mr. O. for letting me do the soundtrack for BOAE. And Mr. Gary Music for teaching me so much about jazz. Tanx to R.S.G.C. hockey for keeping me in shape. Life is still 24 seconds too long in my opinion. Thanks to little O who stuck behind the team in 95/96 even when we sucked. (maybe next year...NOT). To all the boyz whom I've had the pleasure of befriending, stay loose, have fun, and try not to drink too much!! Keep your eye on the donut not the hole!!

Your Belly?...Mabelly!!!!

Chris MacMillan



Ten years at R.S.G.C.; to the Lifers: Miller, Teich, Johnny D., Carter, to the staff, all my coaches, my best friends Miller (Killer, Ales) and Perreault (Ross), and to Lynda & Danny, thanks for the great memories and caring support. "How about that local sports team?" (A.M.) Some of the best experiences; were on the trips to Victoria, Halifax, and Vancouver, Mr. Kerr's first ISAA Softball Championship, winning the CIS soccer championship in grade 12, the swim team, and first team in Tier 1 Basketball. I'll always remember the prefects ("why so good"), Latimer lunches, prefect breakfasts, rat missions (Jim), life in the prefect room (gossip and dirty sofas), the lip sync ("the Hog"), and assembly skits (Baywatch, Kelly, RSGSN). Don't forget the Grad trip to P.V. (All Inclusive!!), thanks to Vaillcourt for the name "Poodle", "all present in the OAC Art Class" (Ms. Grieve), and Jason, Nick, Chris, and Grant for a great trip to Venezuela.

Geoff Mariani





A great man once said, "High school is a ride on the winding road of life." Our ride is over...but what a ride it was. Even though we're all going our separate ways, we'll always have the memories: Montreal '92 (the kid line) - All Ontario Champs '93 - semi's - Megan - Joe's Homer - the Draft '94 - Jay's chalet: truth or dare - New Year's 94-95 (who are these people?) - going dancing with the girls - 4:30 am: "Peter just left Mrs. McCague - The Leafs - the Draft '96 - North Bay - Samy's special - November 11th, '94 (oh what a night) - PV '96 (the grad trip to end all grad trips) - Buffalo! "How do you like your eggs" - Before I die....and I did! Here's to the greatest group of friends a guy could ask for: Bryce (thanx), Jason P., Chris (see ya in the show), Dan, Sjog, Behzad, Frawley, Dre, the Ruiner, Radar/Rejector, Maria, Teich, Pacaud, Emanuelle "why so big", Brady. It has been a great five years and I'm proud to call you all my friends. To Mom, Sarah, Dad, Samantha, Abbey, Princess, and Kevin whose love and support got me through the most difficult six months of my life. Without you none of this would have been possible.

Peter McCague 20



I would first of all like to thank my family: Mom, Dad, and David, who were always there for me when I needed them. Secondly, I would like to thank all the teachers, especially Mr. D'Arcy, for putting me in my place and giving me the best education someone could ask for. And last, but not least to all my friends who made my time at St. George's a great one, I thank you all and wish you good lives in the future. Memories: Ottawa, Quebec City, New York, Puerto Vallarta and the cab ride from hell!, both U16 and Senior baseball championships, Lyp Synchs, semis, Friday nights at Miller's, ball hockey with Love, Whistler "the arcade is attacking Trevor", Breckinridge and that night! Miller you remember.

Daniel McNamara



After ten glorious years at St. George's College it appears that yes, all good things must come to an end. I'd like to start by thanking my mom and dad for everything, Killer and Tay for putting up with me, and thanks to Jenny and Oaks. To the boys at school, thanks for the time of my life and remember, "The goods will come." The following are but a few of the experiences which I have gained at RSGC: Ales, employment opportunities at the YMCA (D-Mac), Zanzibar in Gr. 10, under the bridge, kickin ass (well maybe not), New York, Whistler x2, Semis, Jello night with the boyz, hockey teams (#15, #17) "Life is 27 secs. too long", Ontario Place, Quebec, Mex... don't even ask, Dances, "Really Sir I'm not.", Montreal "Drew, I'm still Drunk", Box'in it at Lenny Kravitz... "Chris come here, NOW!", "Sweet Jesus", "Noodle, why didn't you tell me!", The Hip concert, Some of the goods, Shoot'n stick, Mac Daddy: "The arcade is attacking Trevor!", "Ok, who wants to go for an Ale?" For these and hundreds of other memories I'd like to thank the students of RSGC. In particular I'd like to thank the Lifers (Teich, Geoff, and Johnny-D). For ten years we have worked, played, and drank together, what a great decade. St. George's has provided me with an exceptional education and I come away from this college calling many of the teachers friends. Thank you all, and best wishes in your future endeavours.

Andrew "The Ales" Miller



The last six years at RSGC have been a learning experience. Many good times and unforgettable memories. Much thanks to the staff at RSGC. To the boyz who've made my high school career amazing, CHEERS! You all know who you are and let the next chapter begin. Some memories. Dances, semis, the benders of the year, why so good, beer runs and more beer runs, the Giremis, Blue, Sjog's porch, P.Q'ing, Trev's basement, up North, the weekenders, the Heat coming down, the goods, Black night, H.T.R., Wendel, The Pilot, diggs town, the cackers, park parties, Jobu, house parties, Kickin ass '95-'96, cruising the ales, break out the za, skiing expeditions, Europe '95, CIS (Stan Stead), all the babes, Rim sin, diesel, the weeknights, "hey man", PV of the goodness, J.J.'s with Dana "here we go", D.Y.L., "what's up with you", Montreal '94-'95, J-5, T.L., T.M., T.W., T.B., T.S., Stogie, Franken, M.C., Funky Joe, D-Mac, chung lee, D'Atlantic destiny, Belard, the freak, D.Y., D.Q., Ice Man, Boogs, and all the other maniacs, we've had some good times in these 6 years and more to come. Special thanks to my family Mom, Dad, Tommy, Andrew, and Laura, thanks for everything and for giving me the opportunity to attend Royal St. George's College

Daniel Mudd





For the last five years, I've wanted to get out of high school but now that I don't have a choice, I want to stay. Thanks to the staff at R.S.G.C. especially the Athletic Dept.. Thank you Mom and Dad for forcing me to go, then letting me stay when I didn't want to leave. Most of the memories have to do with sports teams and trips, senior hockey trips to Montreal, thank you Mr. Ackley and Mr. O'Leary. Sorry we never brought home the big one, but we did win the Blue Silver. A.B. 10/01/96 T.S.N. turning point, play eighteen any day, would you *@!# a sexy goat? tower of sprite cans, tracks 4&5 over and over (another Night). B.G.Y.S.H., sorry about the cheek, you're not supposed to inhale or swallow the cigars, New Year's Eve '95, wet pants in Ottawa, Naveed. J.B. there aren't enough toy guns in the world to satisfy you, sorry about the nose, 7-11-doubles, late night pizza at Jim's no B.B.Q. sauce on it, Drew's worst come backs. C.T. the hottest woman ever. D.M. Kids, gastritis, a shot in the rear. A.M. don't have any money but I'll play if you pay, \$1.27 whoppers. The freak bring "the cue" and I'll beat you any day. Montreal trips, Silverado, Loft, Dome, J.T. "Madman" Rookies off with the hair. McKillop the freak with the stick, Blue Silver winners in the BARN. C.I.S.A.A. soccer champs over Albert. U16 softball champs. Matt R. thanks for making the winning hit. Drew, the Taco Bell shirts worn proudly, Stans' patties, #17 returns, Pantalone's year ended the cider of the worst Montcrest boyz., Pratt at the Subway after Lenny, Puerto Vallarta ta-kill-ya volley ball, Dana egg solo poached, whole wheat, home fries well done.



Naohide Nasu



Wow! Has it been seven years already? I can't believe it went by so fast, a life time of memories. New years at Teich's x2, Carol's "that posters mine", Scottish ball, Western homecoming, thanks for ditching me Teich. Incredible summers at the Gas House, you're in the corner, conchs, stealth missions, electricity. The bronze metal in the prefect room Olympics. P.V..., the triple entente II, sport humping. To my best friends A.T., J.F., M.K., M.R., who helped me through thick and thin thanks for being there. Special thanks to the teachers who put up with me over the years. I'm forever indebted to my parents for bringing into this world and giving me these great opportunities, I'm doing my best to make the most of them. It has been great times and I'm going to miss this place, best of luck to everyone in the future and may all your wishes and dreams be fulfilled.



Tim Pacuad



5 memorable yrs. "Y so good, the best ever. "How to mbr it all, here goes: "FRUTA CINIMINIA SADAMIA RENAMINA REAR," good+hard x with best of friends: C.H., A.R.B., C.L.C./R. +H.M.H., don't forget T or D in hot tub @ chalet or jam out sessions @ W. House.+LPSN'96: Raging @ Remy's sum '95' - FULLY the goods!! , chaos party 300+(sorry uncle DEAN). The trips: h.c days -nights D.R., Mont.-hockey tourney, Stansted Can. soccer champions, N.Y.C. with Park-"oh boy", movin, 6 a.m. nightmare, Tampa with Park, Miami beach learning from the master, Cape Cod-3 Amigos try 2 style, Y 21? , Special thanx 2 the boyz: George+Techno-stay high on the low ones, Dintner Rob Abs Legs, Muddy Watters, Jack Tempelton C.I.A. ,Ice cube-sub zero D.Y.L., Boogs the Barber Malone, M.C.-spanishrice, Re.D.Q., Mac Belly!! , The Beast-lokathim, The Worst Gino, Chung Lee-E. Honda, BubaBeh, The Man, Brady+Wildcat, Recall the benders, semi's, dances clubs+ nights that remain foggy+rmbr 2 things the wheeling and scoping has just begun.!! Denny 9000 watch out for the Cake!! Memories of the cottage: R.B. Feffis is on a mission- pump till ya drope, no 2nd place, boating, gov't dock dirdes +late nights on Ty's dock, L.A.L., C.G./CP, T.B.P.M., +BC, lets go go 2 the Roxx!! 2xsum '95' T+J, lstr 4 the goods sum '95' BP,"who's your daddy," constant stealth missions +rules made to be broken. Past with 4Skinnet- Present with Blazer-keep the NRG pumping ATTN: LIEMAN IS IN FULL AFFECTED. Hey N.C. thanx 4 answering me,!!!! but most of all 4 the crazy+ awesome tiines, I don't know what I do with out you. Nothing is complete with out a NIIIIIIIIIIIIIIICE ending: Thanx Mom, Dad, Matt, and Dee 4 the support + opportunity you've given me. I love you guys. Attn: 2 the boyz- in the future hope you don't null any PANTALONE'S.



Jason Pantalone



Well, Well, Well. I never thought the day would come that I'd leave R.S.G.C. How do you sum up seven years of fun and memories? Here goes: Norva: "egg in a hole", Thomas J. "The Alley of Doom", Chuddy, "P.Q. at Shoge's", Subs, The Hurts, "The Blob", The Grimace, "Whoa!", Insanity, Martin, The hair of skidness, The stuff, Art classes, Frataweerer, spares, J.J. Mugs and Dana McKeil, H.T.R., "That's a load of ...!", The "Looker", The "Fatal", Keener's classes, The Homies, Glucose, Devastation, The Rat, Lunatics, Maniacs, "W.T.F.?", Delantis, Frankenstein, Pantyhose, The Sucka, The Man, Belard, Stogie, Monkey, Krishna, Abner, Limey, Scave, Ravi, Muddpuzzle, Muddskipper, Ogre, Log, Matt!, Diesel, B + H, The Worst, The "Night of the Cackers", The Benders, The "Niners", U.C.C., The Beast, Jabba, The Stern, The Bringer of Bad News, The Dirt, Kerr, Isabella, Funky Joe, Techno, The Ales, The R + C, Ottawa, Quebec, Bolton, New York, Washington, Math classes of Doom, Head-banging, Jammin', Fireball Tennis, Doom II, Soccer, M.C., Boznia, The "Whale", J-5, Jacob's Ladder, Trevor's house, Ravens, "Gino,Gino.", The "Mole", The beatings, D.Q.P.'s, the Semi's, "Breakout the 2a!", Clay throwing, "Pennal's on the Mic!", N.T., "Army of 1", The Heat, Hanko, "Flies", D.Y.L., The Raves, People I hate, Hurontario, P.V. Euro's, My roof, The women, The "Ninja", Digstown North, Jobu, Pete's Truck, Weirdos, "Sadamia Cinnaminal"

Thank you R.S.G.C. for turning me into a mad man. I will never forget you. "If it keeps on rainin' levee's gonna break." Led Zeppelin.

John Pennal



John Pennal



Since grade 9, every weekday morning (barring holidays and assorted absences), I'd get myself out of bed and eventually arrive at my home away from home. Royal St Georges College has been great to me on an academic, athletic, and social level. First of all, I would like to thank every one of my teachers (especially Mr. D'Arcy for being a great inspiration to me) for their extraordinary dedication and Mrs. Mustard who diligently put up with me. I would also like to thank my friends whom I have grown up with throughout these years and who share some of the same fond memories as myself. Finally, I must thank my parents who worked hard to put me through the best school and to give me every opportunity to succeed in life. The Teams: Tennis, Hockey (Although we weren't very good), and Soccer. The Events: Whistler ("The Arcade is exploding"), Washington, New York ("Where's he going?"), Quebec, Bolton, Montreal, Ottawa, PV, the semi formals, and the school dances.

"I met myself in a dream and I just wanna tell ya everything was all right. Ya I'm beginning to see the light."-Lou Reed

"Some day you will find me caught beneath the landslide in a champagne supernova in the sky."-Noel Gallagher

Ashley Perreault



The jock, Gorilla, sideshow, The Freak, D___O, Derek, even Mr. Timm's brother once. What the _____? I write this in memory of 150 dollar pool cue's, schooling Naohide with the cue and making sure Wednesdays are always free.

Sjogren, why? Why the rat meat? Why the dark alley at 4:00 AM in a foreign country with a 6 foot 3 local in white tank tops drooling over the women. I have even less to say about the sauce. They say this is for prosperity. I love 90210. No, you don't understand, I really love 90210. If Beverly Hills were a person we'd move to the country, get married and ... Bye, movin to the country.

Adrian Press



A high school career spanning seven years, three schools and two continents has finally come to an end. Two years ago I was faced with a choice, stay in Holland or come here to Canada. Was it the right choice? I'll never know. But what I do know is that the two years here at RSGC have been most enjoyable, to say the least. They have provided me with memories and experiences which I will always carry with me; New York, Kilcoo, ball hockey, HNIC and national soccer title to name but a few.

Then there are the people who have prepared me for the next level, Mr. Paulin, D'Arcy, Rankin, Holdsworth, Van Herk, Orlando, Daleman, Father Hill and Mrs. Miller. Thank you all very much for the insight and knowledge you have taught me during my time here. Also a special mention to Mr. Evans and senior soccer for letting me get a taste of victory at a national level.

A thanks to the guys, TB: "basketball is skill", PB: "see you at Georgetown....maybe", AP, HM, JE, SS: "late night phone calls in New York" and all the others. Your company has helped made my time here unforgettable.

I wish the class of '96 the best of luck wherever they may end up. And finally I would like to send a special thanks to my mom, dad, and brother for their endless support and love.

Marnix Schellekens



The Leafs, The goods, The nugs, The cafe, school trips (Ottawa, Quebec, New York), Senior hockey (I mean Montreal), My year at N.T., "Diesel", J.J.'s, Wendel (The departure and the return), concerts, Sjog's house, Diebes, 2 on 2, Ball Hockey, Trevor's basement, GarHey's Garage, "one bourbon, on scotch and one beer.", dances, Semi's, The pilot, Jay's Party, Martin, The Prefect room, house league, The Simpsons, Craig Leigh gardens, blatant desecration, The Ales, The best in the world, "Hey C'mon, I said cigarette", O.J. (The guiltiest man) Thanx for the memories.

Special thanks to: mom, dad, Jamie, Anns, J.P., D.M., A.S., J.G., D.J., S.P., R.G., G.B., The whale, D.S., A.F., D.C., D.S. If I forgot anyone, don't worry I remember. Thanks to everyone and good luck in the future.

Just looking for a place to happen, making stops along the way" - The Tragically Hip.

John Sedgewick





To start off I must pay respect where respect is due. Thank you Mom, Dad and Tim for all your love and support. Thanks to the staff, prefects and the rest of the grads for making my years at R.S.G.C so memorable.

memories

Trips - Ottawa, Quebec city, NYC, Washington. Soccer tournaments at Winnipeg, Stanstead and Ottawa(The goal). OTHER STUFF - Wendal the man and the game, Schwartz, Grimis, that night at Greg's cottage, shots around, the nightmare party at mine, Trevor's basement, B-ball at lamb's, my porch, Montreal, the nectar, lip-synch, Dirtville, the Downunder & Pilot, up north, 3 footer, JJ's, the worst prefects, all the semis and formals (especially the Branksome formal grade 12) P.V., the good stuff, 5*, WHATS up. Thanks to the boys - Mudd, Lamb, Pennal, the Beast, the Whale, the men, Franklin, Stoggy, Frawley, and Teich. Remember everybody else is a LIGHTWEIGHT.

LET'S BRING IT ON!

Andrew Sjogren



I remember, after my first day at R.S.G.C., that I wished I could spend the rest of my high school career here. Three eventful, memorable, and very expensive years at the school are now coming to an end. They certainly were the most rewarding years in my early life, and I know I will miss them.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the teachers who gave me a very fine education. Special thanks to Dr. Skalinski, Mr. D'Arcy, Mr. Schreiner, Mr. Van Herk, Mr. Orlando, Father Hill, Mrs. Miller, Mr. Pengelly, Mr. Love and Mr. Latimer.

I would also like to thank all my friends in R.S.G.C. for all the good times and the precious memories, especially Dennis and Nick. I learned a lot from you guys.

Finally, I have to thank Papa, Mama and Royal St. George's College for everything.

Geraldo Henri Tam.



Ten great years at R.S.G.C. have changed me into an entirely different person. 5 I.S.A.A's: including UV6-v-ball, the team of insanity! Prefect skits x71! We did it! Endless New Years benders at the farm, the tradition continues. Meat head night at the farm; Fro, watch the trees next time! The Scottish's - Ruby, no more throwing donuts. Canada day at the cottage with the next generation. Summer's in Germany with the malt man. Summer of '95 in the Gas house, the G-k's corner, boaris, 20 on the conch; "I think we've got a live one!" Grad trip: P.V.-Bungee jumping, tequila v-ball, and seeing double of contestant #3! The Caledon reunion. Tremblant with Rub and Allan (Phillipe) + custom snowmaking. Western homecomings; "Hey, where's Pacaud=D-Tox!" Oktoberfest in the Kitch: For years to come? Oktoberfest in Munich: Thanks for making me go Pa! Tuesday nights in the Wood! Would you believe we were doing our boards? SMPRPD2NFCPH, who's next? Birthday surprises: SC & CW better watch their backs for years to come! To be able to say "I have no regrets about life so far" is a good thing.

Thanks to: All the great staff at R.S.G.C.(J.R.L. R.H) I think you've taught me too much! J.F. T.P. D.Q. & C.W...We have the absolute greatest friends of all time.

Ruby: you can't ditch me like this again

Streis: 9,10,12,13 . I'll tell you in four or five years. High school just wouldn't have been the same without you.

Special thanks to: Mom and Dad for giving me this opportunity of a life time, I will make the most of it and of course Des, Matt and Mike for being so ... brotherly!

Someone once told me I could do anything if I was determined enough. After this year, I know that's true

Andrew von Teichman



I have spent a year at Royal St. George's College and the time has gone by so fast that it's time to say good-bye. Many thanks to all my teachers for their patience especially Mr. Pengelly, thank you for letting me change my classes. I would like to take this opportunity to thank my classmates for their support and help throughout the year especially Henry, Eric, and Dennis. Finally I would also like to thank my parents for their encouragement, support, and this wonderful opportunity to study in Toronto.

Good luck to all Grads

Leo Wong



It's the only way to eat cake



CLICK!



Ever get caught in one of these?



Bernard made sure to attend the track and field meet because he knows how important participation is



House Spirit



My brain will fit, I can live forever!



I'm going to be a dream therapist

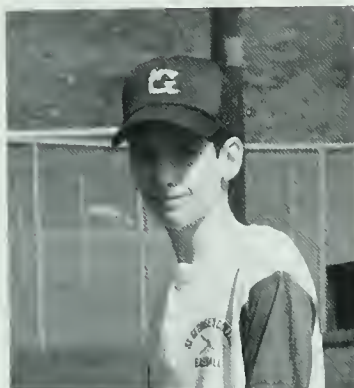
Lifers



My toy boat floats!



I'm skinny now, but I drink milk.



I practically live here!



That's gotta hurt!



From left: A. Miller, A. Von Teichman, G. Mariani, J. Damanis

Stewards

Brady Joel - School tours

Netan Choudry - Leadership in the House League programme

Dan McNamara - Leadership in the House League programme

Marnix Schellekens - Leadership in the House League programme

Behzad Ghotb - School tours

Adrian Press - School tours

Marc Antoniadis - Co-Editor of the yearbook

John Damanis - organizing university visits with Mr. Love

Bryce Carter - Junior School Captain

Peter Labancz - Junior School Captain



Now that we have red ties, we're pushing for red mustangs.

HOUSE RESULTS



1st:	Canterbury	28,965 pts.
2nd:	Westminster	28,396 pts.
3rd:	York	26,713 pts.
4th:	Winchester	26,307 pts.

Leader of:

Varsity - Westminster

House League - York

Lunch Time Commandos - Winchester

Canterbury



GRADE 13

Back Row: Geoffrey Mariani, Taylor Armstrong, Adrian Pace, **Front Row:** Timothy Pacaud, Marnix Schellekens, Matthew Kelly, Andrew Gulyas, Andrew Von Teichman



GRADE 12

Back Row: Angus Robinson, Adam Powadiuk, Will Burton, George Bassel, Joshua McKillop, Alex Moniz Brown, Bobby Palit, Pankaj Bhatia, Drew Pearson, Jake Thompson



GRADE 11

Back Row: David D'Onofrio, Marcus Otema, James Robertson, Michael Kelly, Michael Barnicke, Greg Rosocha, **Front Row:** Robert Schellekens, Stef Washuk, Alastair Kellet, Alexis Levine, David Robinette, Thomas D'arcy



GRADE 10

Back Row: Andrew Davison, Andrew Jones, Daimian Abraham, David Hare, Michael Von Teichman, Matthew Barrington, Will Jones, Cameron Wing, Adam Green, **Front Row:** Ted Meighen, Geoffrey Cowper-Smith, Brad Allgood, Derek Wong, Michael Popielaty, Ryan Gulyas, Jonathan Silverman **Absent:** Cameron Wing, Gerard DeGrandis



GRADE 9

Back Row: Brian Drake, Colin Love, Jason Lee, Matthew Beatty, Andrew Haust, Justin Young, Scott Hong, Patrick Hayes, Jonathan Kellet **Front Row:** Jordan Powadiuk, Andrew Kellner, Andrew Lau, Blair Rose, Christopher Taylor, Jamie Bergstra, Brian Cole, Chris Barnes





Let me introduce to you what for years has been known in secret circles as "Operation Shortcake" a meticulously outlined plan, passed through Canterbury House. I must apologize for the disappointment of those 2nd and 3rd place finishers, but I assure you it was for the good of the House. Now my fellow housemates, Canterbury is firmly atop the house standings where it belongs.

We (the illustrious Cant leaders) figured that '95-'96 was the year to strike. With complacency creeping over West and Winch the preseason write-in for bottom spot, the future looked rosy. York was the big gamble. However, a strategically placed patch of ice brought Bedard tumbling down, and York's spirits along with him. This good fortune was complimented by the strength of the three point plan.

1. Talent Development - In athletics, Cant showed its usual clout at the cross-country meet, and St. George's version of the Red Army team has only just begun their dynasty. Some tricky business at House Drama was the only thing that may have kept us from an insurmountable lead.

2. Groom the Incoming Leaders - The election of 6 Cant prefects was by no means an accident.

3. Back to Family Values - It never hurts to have ruling families like the Teichman's and Yelle's on your side.

I would like to thank all the Canterbury participants for a great year, and also Drew, Phil, and Jamie for their worthy opposition. I also congratulate all of my Canterbury predecessors. Good luck to next year's house prefect (you know who you are). We have ensured the same successes for '96 - '97.

Taylor Armstrong

Note: As I am writing in April, if fate has anything unfortunate in store for us, see Plan B

Westminster



GRADE 13

Front Row: Brady Joel, Andrew Miller, John Pennal. **Back Row:** David Dewees, Naohide Nasu, Andrew Blanchette, Marc Atoniades.



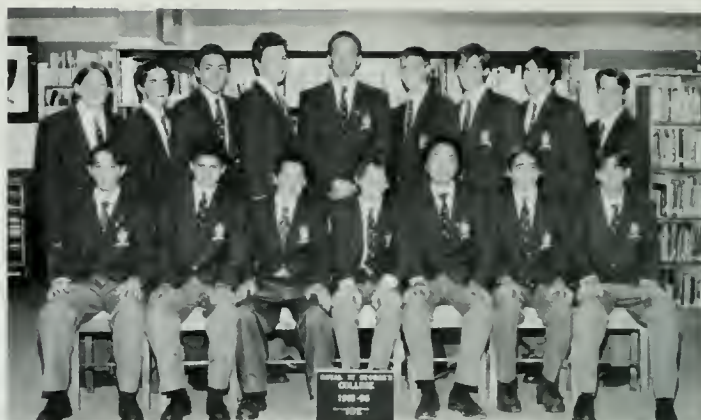
GRADE 12

Front Row: Timothy Boyce, Paul King, John Dyer, Toby Gison, Ben Watsa, Bernard von Bieberstein, Geoffrey Chapman. **Back Row:** Robert Bell, Kevin Da Silva, David Engle, Brian Pho, Eric Kung, Alexandre Mabro, D'arcy Chandler.



GRADE 11

Back Row: Chris Marlin, Andy Beadon, Elliot Hughes, Jamie Lint, Oliver Raoult, Phillip Blanchette. **Front Row:** James Boake, Danel Medd, Raymond Tsui, Marc Burroni, Marcel Merath, Mark Han.



GRADE 10

Back Row: Morgan Brooker, Adrian Kelly, David Koo, Tim Johnston, Dougal Bruce, Micheal Anstey, Mathew Donald, Robert Dyer, Daniel Mitchell. **Front Row:** Adrian Walker, John Ortved, Chasen Paul, Simon Wilkinson, Raymon Lui, Daniel Mac Donald, Patrick Fordyce.



GRADE 9

Back Row: Adam Clark, Barret Holman, Micheal Clark, Sam Gildner, Jefferey Sablatnig, Gerard Ramroopsiagh. **Front Row:** Jeffrey Todd, Daniel Koo, John Maggiacomo, Rylan Perry, Adam Jancelewicz, Andrew Petit, Craig McIvor. **Absent:** Alex Thomas, Josephson Blackmore.

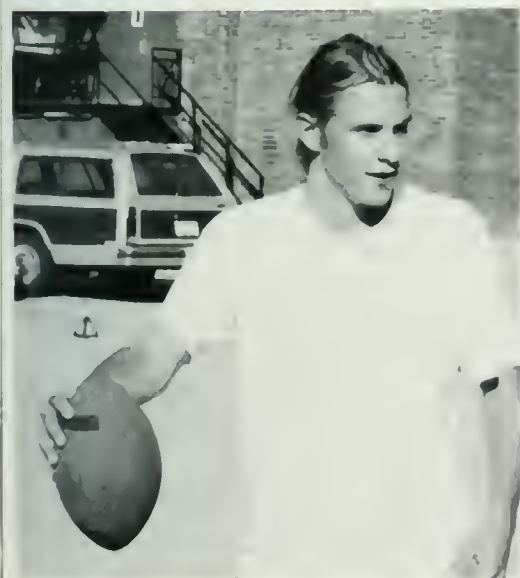




Why can nobody else play this game but me?



A bonding moment



West has had a long tradition of excellence. Nineteen Ninety-Six was a very strong year for Westminster. My goal at the beginning of the year was to increase house spirit and participation, considering we were already strong athletically and academically. I believe spirit and participation increased and helped to lead West to a very strong finish. Three highlights of the year were winning the cross country run, the swim meet, and the track meet. I'd like to thank all the Grads in West as well as all the staff. Over my tenure at R.S.G.C. I am glad and proud to have been a member of West. I urge all St. George's students to get involved in their house, and it will make your time at school a great one.

Andrew Blanchette.

Winchester



GRADE 13: Back Row: Jamie Frawley, Peter Labancz, Jason Pantalone. Front Row: Stephen Burditt, Peter Cheung, Jim Bunting, John Damanis. Absent: Ashley Perreault.



GRADE 10 Back Row: Joshua Estacion, Afrim Pristine, Allan Humphries, Robert McCord, Rob Clark, Micheal Chen. Front Row: Gerard DeGrandis, James Hall, Hayden Ho, Tim Pyron, Andrew Davis, Jonathan Lee, Kenneth Adams.



GRADE 12: Back Row: Ali Taurfik-Shukor, Christopher Petrie, John Golding, Geoff Howland, Mike Vitorovich, Robert Evans, Rafe Calberisi. Front Row: Noah Waisberg, Andries Mellema, Wade Fox, Ian Roberts, Greg Barnett, Asad Ladha, Graham Wright. Absent: Justin Hartwell.

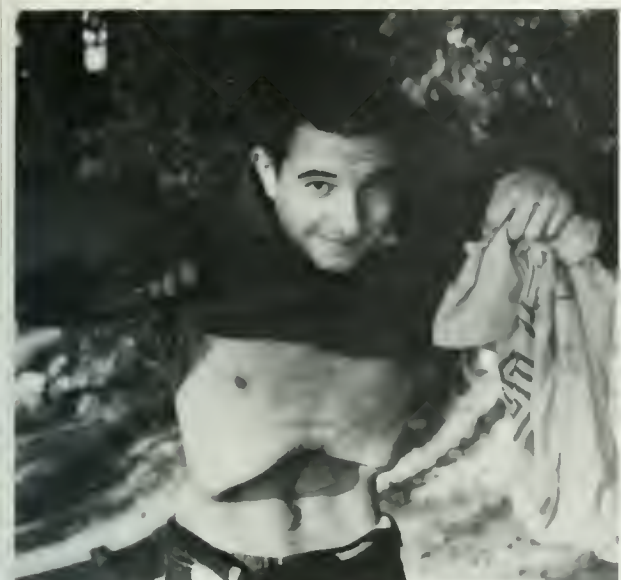


GRADE 9 Back Row: Jeremy Chung, Dwayne Jackson, Phedias Diamandis, Brian Sutherland, Micheal Stratton, Eric Wynn, Noah Cole, Miller Peterson, Arden Church, Jonathan Robson. Front Row: David Baker, Justin Leung, Drew Czernik, Alexander Lyn, Alexander Josephson, David Eaton, Micheal Pagella-Mainardi, Scott Russel.



GRADE 11 Back Row: Paul Saumets, Alex Palalas, Justin Estacion, Francis Liuson, Joseph Dargan, Harish Maraj, Robert Mellema. Front Row: Andrew Dudgeon, Anthony Kingsley, John Hankinson, Simon Cook-Roffey. Absent: Ryan Mulvihill.





"That's one small step for Winchester, one giant leap in House Standings"

This was certainly a landmark year for Winchester. After years of regeneration at the bottom, it wasn't until 1995/96 when we decided to leave our shell and begin our journey to the throne. It is true that "Rome was not built in a day" so fear not my yellow throated Warblers, the time will soon come when we will soar amongst the other birds and peak to new heights.

It was a year of pride. It was a year of bravery and courageousness. And most importantly, it was year of heart throbbing, eye watering, pure unadulterated fun which banked a mountain of memories. Thank you grades 9 and 10 for winning. You guys kept us in the race. I owe everyone congratulations for their optimism and cheerfulness which put Winchester in a league of its own for house spirit. I would especially like to thank Mr. Love and Jim Bunting who's individual efforts made Winchester a better house to live in. Good luck to next year's house prefect. Wear the "Winch Wear" in pride.

Keep rising Winchester!
Jamie Frawley



YORK



GRADE 13

Back Row: Behzad Ghotb, Daniel McNamara, Philippe Bedard, Netan Choudhry, Chris MacMillan, **Front Row:** Leo Wong, Bryce Carter, Andrew Sjogren, Daniel Mudd, Henry Tam



GRADE 12

Back Row: Jason Taylor, Rob Burkett, Matthew Morden, Steve Brooks, **Front Row:** Brian Birnbaum, Josh Burnett, Glenn Lou-Hing, Soren Shamsian, Jeffrey Enfield.



GRADE 11

Back Row: Jamie Sedgewick, Martin Farkas, Andrew Bryant, Stuart Coristine, Quincy Lui **Front Row:** Kendry Watson, Jamie Sutherland, Peter Levine, Miran Ternamian, Fraser Tamaki, Daniel Campbell



GRADE 10:

Back Row: Amr Kronfol, Chris Ford, Benjamin Munger, Jesse Burnett, Tim Pyper, Michael Fountain, Samuel Hui, **Front Row:** Scott Sloggett, Ben Sharma, David Wang, Justin Wallace, Chris Hatch, Joseph Ternamian, Park Hamilton.



GRADE 9:

Back Row: David MacNaughton, Peter Bellingham, Ian Hartly, Philip Watson, James Robertson, James Snider, Andrew Epstein, Stefan Superina **Front Row:** Jeff Clark, Cameron Fiske, Keith Lui, Rickesh Kotecha, Adam Smith, Jamie Pope, Galen Davies





Let's just label it an 'off year'. A blip on the radar screen. A minor pothole on the long, winding road of York glory. A **LAST PLACE FINISH**. We all suffered this year—through the underhanded smirks in the hallways, the arrogant snickering in assembly, and the utter shame of having lowly Winchester, long-time whipping boy of the House Wars, surpass us in the house standings. And trust me, the bruised and battered view from the bottom of the MacTavish pile in assembly was not pleasant!

We slipped into the cellar this season largely because we could not topple our old foe of years gone by: house participation points. The events themselves were never a problem (York's athletic prowess was never in question) but showing up for the school meets was a different matter altogether. When I looked around at the swim meet and saw only 3 Grade 11's and 4 Grade 13's poolside, I knew we were in trouble! A whopping 55% of the House decided to put in an appearance at the Benson Pool that morning... Alright boys, you've got to love that infectious House Spirit!

But the year was not a complete write-off, we had our success (though few and far between): the 'Big Blue Machine', the York House football squad, continued its reign of terror. Led by the golden arm of Dan McNamara and the fleet of Chris MacMillan the Machine routinely whipped its opponents by a double-digit touchdown margin on the way to a successful defense of its Championship title. Mr Gage Love, RSGC's sage guru of House League and devout Winch supporter, was willing to concede that he had never seen a crew as dominant as the '95-96 edition of York. Mr Love even suggested his beloved '86 New York Giants would be in tough against the mighty York squad in a match on the sacred tarmac. The boys of winter, the ball hockey team, made a valiant effort for the coveted Love Cup. The gritty crew battled back from a 2-0 deficit to tie the Championship Series against our wretched arch-rival, Canterbury, only to drop the heartbreaking fifth and deciding game. The senior and junior indoor psycho ball and ball hockey teams also made strong showings, finishing a respectable second in the lunch-hour Intra murals.

To everyone else who participated in sports, drama, debating, and clubs on behalf of York, thanks for your work and support... you did us proud.

There is little doubt in my mind that our fall from grace this year will be short lived. This year's crop of Grade 9's was fresh-faced, enthusiastic, and loaded with promising talent—they appear to be destined to lead us back to our familiar perch atop the House Mountain. Do not be disheartened Yorkies, the taste of victory in coming years will only be sweeter knowing the hardships and the strife we had to endure this season. All we've got to do is show up!

—Philippe Bedard



Future Occupations

Abraham: Bass Guitarist
 Bennett: Hockey Player
 Bowers-Nigh: Carpenter
 Cobban: Unemployed
 Conn-Grant: Bus Driver
 Cook: Fireman
 Elson: Window Washer
 Edwards: Teacher
 Falco: Caretaker
 Fisher: Crash Test Dummy
 George: Teacher
 Hillenbrand: School Principle
 Lockie: French Teacher
 Macchione: Football Player
 Mc Rae: Soldier
 Parker: Drummer
 Payne: Policeman
 Reeser: Squash Player
 Shaw: Subway Musician
 Smith: President of NFL
 Templeton: Prime Minister
 Lofft: Baseball Umpire
 D'Arcy Cook

ABOVE RIGHT: Giving assistance.



The happy couple.



Back Row: Mr. McMaster, Soren Brothers, Nicholas Payne, Adam Shaw, Jamie Edwards, Paul Macchione, James Fisher, Daniel Bennett

Middle Row: Jason George, Kent Elson, Cameron Conn-Grant, Stuart Hillenbrand, Tyrone Bowers-Nigh, D'Arcy Cook, Jonathan Lofft

Front Row: Carter Smith, Jonah Falco, Jason Cobban, Cameron McRae, Lindsay Templeton, David Reeser, Jesse Parker.



A pile of junk.



BACK Row: Mr. Hutchison, James Morrison, Sean Phillips, Peter Ruta, Fraser Baldry, Alexander Zlotkin- Wolfson, David Lindermere, Max Ritts

Middle Row: Andrew Newbury, Michael Thompson, Joseph Fulton, Austin Locke, Dan Green, David Mantle

FRONT Row: Cameron Wallace, Peter Adams, Michael Pang, Walter Davies, John Roman, Angus Keir, Brandon Vasquez. **Absent:** Aleck Snow, Kazuo Oishi.



A Typical Morning at R.S.G.C.

It is a typical morning at RSGC Mr. Hutchison is standing at the door as the students pour in, his eyes narrowing as he sees the odd student that didn't come in for extra help.

In the locker room, Pang is asking Oishi, "what do we have to do today?" over, and over (Oishi is annoyed). Walter Davies, walks in, and tries to surpass the huge crowd. Philips, Newbury, Thompson, and the members of 8M are moshing, making the room hazardous, and noisy.

In the classroom, Baldry is reciting last nights, "Simpsons" episode to Wolfson, and Mantle, but the only words that are understood are, "it was so funny!".

Adams is telling Mr. Hutchison about how the Montreal Canadians are losing, and how the Leafs are the best. Green is singing an "A Band" piece to himself, and is annoying everybody else. Cam Wallace's, and Peter Ruta's names are already on the board for lines. Roman slaps his head as he realizes that there is a big project due today. Locke complains about the weather, and says that it is always sunny in California.. Lindemere is asleep. Ritts is talking to Vasquez about his numerous adventures, Vasquez just stares back. Fulton is sending messages over to Wallace, and laughs at anything that happens. Keir is turned around in his seat, and is smiling at everybody, while Morrison sits, and watches the white board

Soon the bell rings, and classes start. Then, an unfamiliar character enters the room, it's Snow!



This is my new look.

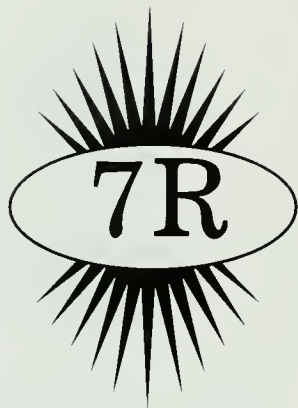


Co-operative games



For the last time my name is MYJAGI

Kazuo Oishi



Top Ten Mr. Reid Quotes

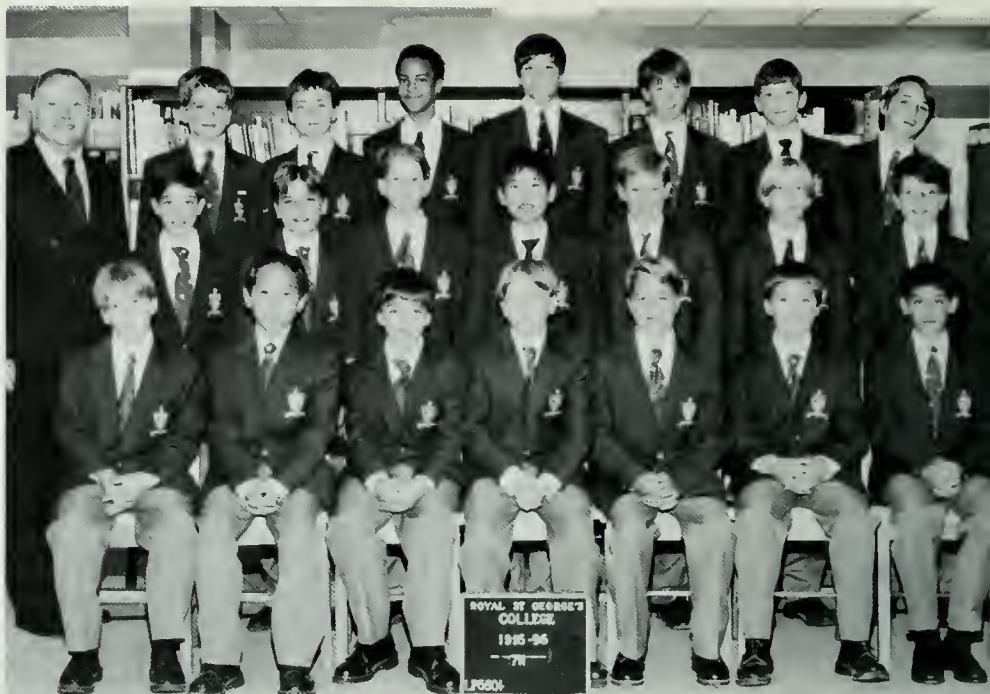
1. I'm the captain of this ship
2. Shush, you troublesome boys!
3. Don't chirp at me!
4. Stop blathering!
5. Don't treat me like the family dog!
6. Quiet, wee lad!
7. Don't treat me like an inanimate object!
8. Go away!
9. Let silence descend.
10. GRR!!!!



ABOVE: Like my teeth?

TOP RIGHT: When you are in this class, it's really hard to hold this smile.

MIDDLE RIGHT: There's "What" in this ice cream?



BACK ROW: Mr. Reid, Ethan Hoddes, Johann Smula, Garth Miller, Adam Donald, Geoff Bolton, Ian Edmonds, Paul Sidi

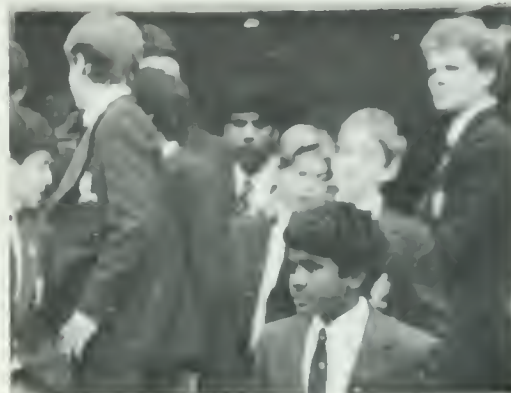
MIDDLE ROW: Mario Maruzzo, Gordon Dunlop, Eric Plank, Ivan Chin, Graham Durrant-Taylor, Joshua Nagal, Trevor Thompson

FRONT ROW: Jamie Ferguson-Woods, Sean Lee, Andrew Hepburn, Nicholas Martin, Tim Enfield, Adam Main, Aaron Latner.





BACK ROW: Mr. Birkett, Jaimie Bourgeois, Tarek Awad, Geoff Keating, Ted Sablatnig, Sandy Gibson, Michael Haughton
MIDDLE ROW: Chris Rae, Jonathan Abraham, Matthew Postrozny, Geoff Renihan, Brad Milne, Matthew King, Fraser Buchan
FRONT ROW: Kyle Waters, Patrick Taylor, Chris Roscoe, Paul Ternamian, Paul Silny, Gage Love, Jesse Fulton.



BOTTOM LEFT: Tim Pyper eat your heart out.
BOTTOM: Where's the mine?



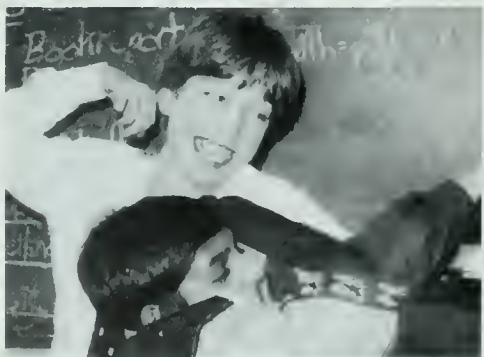


Awakenings

THUD! I woke up to find myself on the floor. I rolled over, and saw my brother's face in the door. "What are you doing?", I asked. "I'm leaving in ten minutes. That's what I'm doing", he said. That's when it hit me.

It was the first day of school, and I was going to be late. I jumped, and at full speed headed for the bathroom, took a shower, got dressed, and had breakfast (didn't even spill any milk on my shirt). I put on my shoes, grabbed my bag which must have weighed 200 pounds (no kidding), and ran, or rather crawled out the door. After what seemed to be a few days, our subway stop came. I got off, and walked the rest of the way to school. As soon as I got there, the bell rang, and the day started. At 4:00 that afternoon, I walked to the subway, and thought about how the day had gone. Well let's see now. I got 50 lines, one detention, and I nearly broke my leg falling on the tarmac. Other than that, my day was perfect. That's when I knew it was going to be a long year!

Donald Pyper



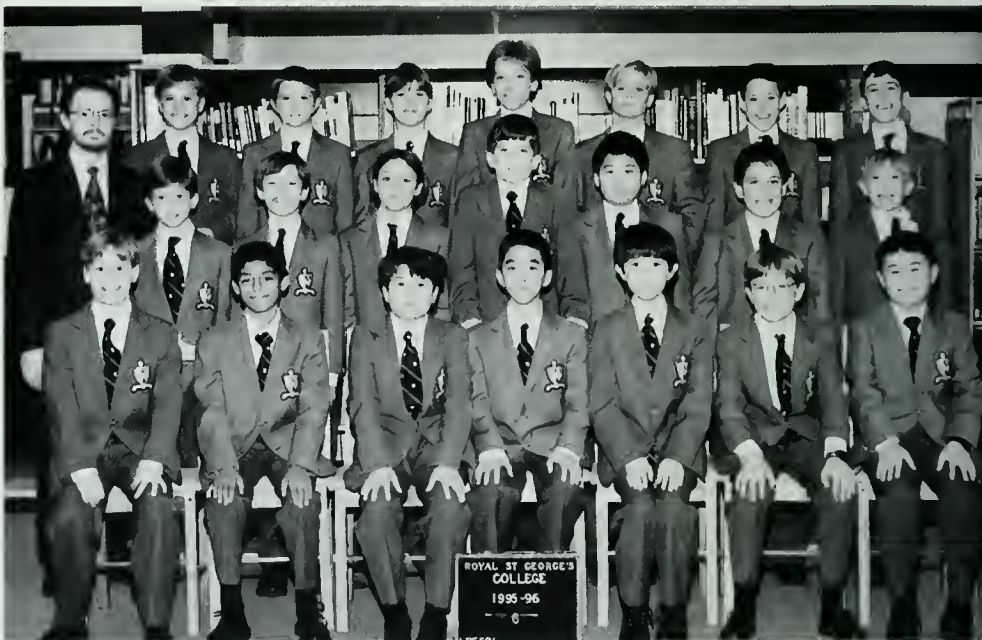
We're all good friends ... really!



Like my new deodorant?



Village of the damned.



Back Row: Mr. Wade West, Alex McNabb, Thomas Lockett, Chris Reineck, Robert Gleadow, Todd Curtin, Joseph Hillenbrand, Matthew Sohm Middle Row: Robbie Maggisano, Sam Bennett, Donald Pyper, Peter McGrath, Terence Ho, Arian Pristine, Christiaan Heisey Front Row: Michael Love, Sid Gojer, Tim Chung, Ehren Liuson, Gary Wong, Morgan Rubes, Justin Ho.

What Does Grade Five Think About Their Teachers?



DR. LEATCH: is a nice guy.

MR. DENIS: is a really good teacher for French but can hardly speak English..

MR. FOWLER: is an excellent Science teacher.

MR. McMASTER: is not what I call a perfect teacher, but he is really nice.

MR. JAMIESON: is great at choir, and a cool coach.

MR. WADE-WEST: is a great favorable teacher who plays the french horn, clarinet, flute..

MR. ACKLEY: is my favorite teacher. He is funny..

DR. BARLOW: your school is really good, and keep up the effort..

MR. BIRKETT: is a good teacher.

Written by John Karantonis



Everybody was Kung-Fu fighting.



Back Row: Dr. Leatch, David Jones, Haddon Murray, Michael Roebuck, Cameron Alquire, Michael Rieger, Francesco Valente-Gorjup, Danzel Pinto Front Row: Adam Dukzsta, Jonathan Tam, David McNabb, Ian Humphreys (with Dave), Brandon Stout, Kevin Lau, John Karantonis, Tim Clark. Absent: Andrew Harris.



Now all I need is a desk!



Future Careers

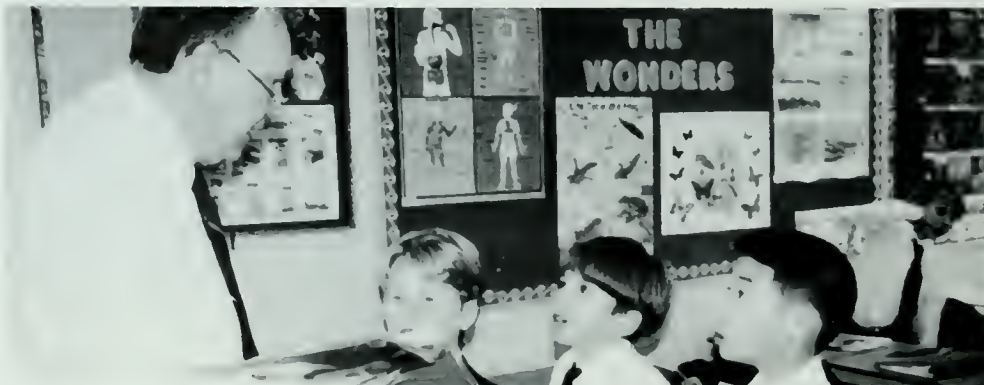
JONATHAN BELL: Pro-soccer player
LUON WAI CHOY: Comedian
CHRISTOPHER EVENS: Scientist
BRYAN FEHELEY: Air Force Pilot
MATTHEW GRIFFIN: Race Car Driver
WILLIAM LOCKET: Cartoonist, Policeman
KEVIN MAGGISANO: Mathematician
JEREMY MILLIGAN: Electrical Engineer
STEFAN PICOT: Pro Tennis Player
PHILIP REINECK: Magician
COLINE RUBES: Politician
WELLS STRINGHAM: Owner of a dog kennel
KEVIN TSANG: Doctor
MATTHEW YEUNG: Lawyer
ERICH ZIMM: Computer Operator



BACK ROW: Chris Evens, William Locket, Matthew Pigott, Jeremy Milligan, Matthew Griffin, Philip Reineck, Colin Rubes, Wells Stringham, Mr. Lee
FRONT ROW: Erich Zimm, Jonathan Bell, Kevin Tsang, Kevin Maggisano, Teague Mackian Russell, Stefan Picot, Matthew Yeung, Bryan Feheley



Forever as one



I told you I don't wear a kilt



Hard at work



First Impressions

On the way to school I felt nervous, and happy. I knew this school was much harder than my last one. I was hoping I would make some friends. I was only nervous until the second day, because on the second day I made new friends. But on the first day on the way to school, I knew I would like this school. Our first test was not very hard. I came to this school to learn more because my last school was too easy for me. I like physical education because we do fun activities. I liked the cross country run in High Park. I enjoyed playing softball after the run in High Park. I like the prefects because they are nice to us. I'm glad I came to St George's College.

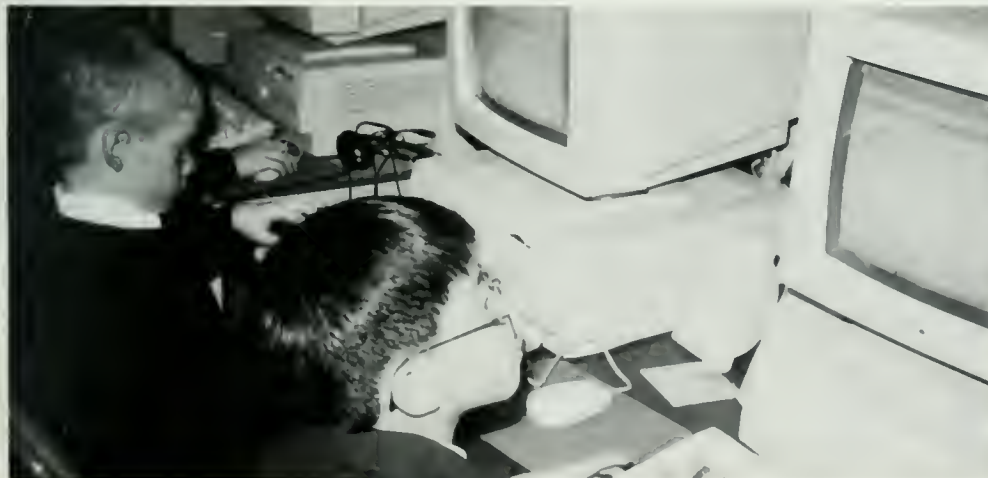
MALCOLM GRIFFITHS



BACK ROW: Matthew Bubbers, Malcom Griffith, Jonathan Rae, Maxwell Schwartz, Matthieu Timmins, David Edwards, Mr. McElroy
FRONT ROW: Diederik Heisey, Anthony Field, Henry Ciocca, David Bleasby, Derek Chan, James O'Born, Jonathan Pak, Argus Chambers



The three Muskateers?



I'm typing as fast as I can



I need my coffee



CLUBS

Debating

What a great year we've had. RSGC has been revived with the debating spirit. From the strong pool of House League debaters, several individuals have emerged and become excellent public speakers.

The year started off with a bang, when Phillippe Bedard, David Dewees and myself participated in an international speaking competition at the Roxbury Latin school in Boston. David missed going to the World's by 1.5 points. What a heartbreaker! Phillippe placed 6th in his extemporaneous speaking category, and I placed 6th in my radio newscast!

The Challenge Saucer was won this year by Trinity. Despite our loss and UCC permanently misplacing our trophy, we held our heads high and had a good day. We could not have done it if not for the help of numerous parents, old boys, students, judges, and moderators.

With people like Bobby Palit, James Boake and Eric Wynn coming up through the school, I see nothing but good things for the future. My sincere thanks to everyone who participated throughout the year, especially to Mrs. Miller (a.k.a. Estee Coco No 5) who put up with me and my silly antics all year. Congratulations to everyone.

Drew Gulyas

Fine Mike, your the best speaker of the house, now go away.



Bright lights, big city... Boston?!



Amongst all the activity at Logan Airport, we found time for one group shot.



The fantastic saucer team form left to right: James Boake, Bobby Palit, and Eric Wynn

Server's Guild

The server's guild had an unforeseen turnout this year, as more people signed up than could fit in the vestry at once. We did however manage to find some wax-free robes, and get each other looking angelic, while listening to the saccharine tunes coming from the holy stereo. The vestery also underwent some changes, as the Star Trek motif was officially declared passé, and the Holy Gourd took its place as the new object of worship. Serving traditions have been however upheld through hot weather, and after the Carol Service, although we are still trying to remember those of the Anglican religion. On a more elementary level, we are trying to learn how to put out the candles after services. As well, contrary to popular belief, there is in fact no terrorist organization that meets in the vestry, on Thursday evenings at 8:30pm. This is simply a case of mistaken identity of a previous head server, on a previous evening. The members of the hardest working guild in Toronto are: Beeb, Pho, Fraz, GL-H, Dyer Maker, J.T.(who has grown to great heights), Morgan, Ansteen, Ford (the new kids), AJ, Medd, Boake, Andy B., Drew P., Bell, and GB (the faithful shepard). Thanks to Father Peter for animated sermons in chapel, and making sure that the guild runs smoothly. As well, thanks to R S G C for the great room in the heights of the senior school and thanks to everybody in the guild. Without you guys, chapel wouldn't be the same.

George Bassel



Pho practices his stuff.



The Server's Guild gets ready for another service.



Only we have access to these seats.



O.K., let's put the candles out this time guys, those things are expensive!

GO CLUB



Clockwise from the Left: Jamie Bergstra, M. Paulin, Chris Kelly, Michael Clark, Glenn Lou-Hing & Alex Lyn.

Go Club members refined their skills under the leadership of M. Paulin.

CAMERA CLUB



CLASSIFIED

ENIGMA

CLASSIFIED

Top Row: ????? ?????, ????? ?????, ????? ????? & ????? ?????, Middle Row: ????? ?????, ????? ?????, ????? ????? & ????? ?????, Bottom Row: ????? ?????, ?????, ?????, On Assignment: ????? ?????

Stage Crew



Geoff, Will, and Andy.



... and on this channel



Testing techies, 1...2...3.



... and the great thing is we get to keep them after the show's done!



Pottery Club



I can pick up the police band.

Future Picasso.



It's the Sydney Opera House.



There! Now I can fit some of it in my pocket.



Mrs. Grieve didn't teach me how to use the wheel, I taught her.

I'm waiting for inspiration

Yearbook

Supervisor: Mrs Ruth Hall.

Editors: Alex Moniz Brown, and Marc Antoniadis (Vinny).

Slaves: Micheal Chen (Jack-of-all-Trades), John Dyer (John Dyer), Andrew Dudgeon (Monkey Man), Asad Ladha (Mr. HCl(aq)), Justin Leung, Brian Pho (Vinny), Ian Roberts (Skippy), Soren Shamsian (Sorenson), Kendry Watson (Meat Loaf).

Also: Cameron Fiske, Andrew Epstein, Scott Hong, Mike Vitorovich and John Damanis

A new school year brings a new and improved yearbook. With a larger staff and the introduction of computers, the yearbook will take less time to make and have a more professional look. Under the leadership of our two co-editors we have received the guidance and answers we may or may not have been looking for. This year we also have a new supervisor, Mrs. Hall, who makes sure we get things done. She claims that she receives most of the pressure and does most of the work. We however know that this is not completely true. New ideas have been brought forth as well, such as the continual search for 'George' in the Georgian. There are slight changes to all pages which shows our devotion to the longest, hardest school project of the year. Enjoy!





MUSIC

Grade 9 Senior Band

David Baker, Jamie Bergstra, Peter Bellingham, Arden Church, Michael Clark, Sam Gildner, Ian Hartley, Andrew Haust, Barrett Holman, Scott Hong, Eric Kearney-Volpe, Daniel Koo, Justin Leung, Colin Love, Keith Lui, Alex Lyn, John Magicomo, Michael Pagella Manardi, Miller Perterson, Andrew Petit, Jamie Pope, James Robertson, Jeff Sablatnig, James Snider, Jeffrey Todd, Justin Young, Ben Zelikovitz.



Grade 10 Senior Band

Mike Anstey, Morgan Brooker, Micheal Chen, Rob Clark, Geoff Cowpersmith, Andrew Davis, Gerard De Grandis, Robert Dyer, Joshua Estacion, Chris Ford, Adam Green, Hayden Ho, David Hare, Allan Humphries, David Hwang, Timothy Johnston, David Koo, Jonathan Lee, Ted Meighen, Chasen Paul, Ben Sharma, Derek Wong, Rob Murdock.



Grade 11 and OAC Bands

Andy Beadon, Behzad Ghotb, Elliot Hughs, Jamie Lint, Dan Medd, Chris MacMillan, Ryan Mulvihill, Jamie Robertson, Jamie Sedgwick, Stef Waschuk, Andrew Bryant.



The Sax Quintet

Mr. Martin, Dan Medd, Jamie Lint, Stef Waschuk, Andrew Bryant



A and B Band (including Stage Band members)



Back: Andrew Newbury, Gage Love, Kyle Wates, Cameron Cohn-Grant, Jonathan Abraham, Jeremy Pigott, James Fisher, Adam Shaw, Kazuo Oishi, Jonah Falco, Tarek Awad, Jesse Parker. **Middle:** Mr. Wade West, Christopher Roscoe, Trevor Thompson, Daniel Green, Stuart Hillenbrand, Austin Locke, Nicholas Payne, D'arcy Cook, David Lindemere, Ted Lockie, James Morrison, Soren Brothers. **Front:** Chris Rae, Ian Edmonds, David Reeser, Daniel Bennett, Max Ritts, Fraser Baldry, Paul Macchione, Johann Smula, Ivan Chin, Nicholas Martin, Tristan Abraham. **Absent:** David Mantle Lindsey Templeton.



Back Row: Dr. Leatch, Cameron McRae, Jamie Bourgeois, Carter Smith, Geoff Renihan, Mathew Postrozny. **Middle:** Fraser Buchan, Adam Donald, Peter Ruta, Geoff Bolton, Brad Milne, Mathew King. **Front:** Robert Maggisano, Christiaan Heisey, Chris Reineck, Terence Ho, Arian Pristine, Morgan Rubes.



C Band



Back: Mr. Martin, Joseph Hillenbrand, Joshua Nagel, Alex McNabb, Aaron Latner. **Middle:** John Roman, Paul Sidi, Geoff Keating, Mike Thompson, Angus Keir. **Front:** Ehren Luison, Sam Bennett, Michael Haughton, Gordon Dunlop, Sid Gojer. **Absent:** Fraser Buchan, Morgan Rubes, Todd Curtin, Arian Pristine, Chris Renihan, Peter Ruta.



Brass Quartet



Mr. Wade West, Chris Roscoe, Andrew Newbury, Jonah Falco, Kazuo Oishi.



Jazz Septet



Mr. Martin, D'arcy Cook, Nicholas Payne, Tristan Abraham, Daniel Green, Austin Locke, Stuart Hillenbrand, Jonah Falco.

Woodwind Ensembles



Back: Mr. Wade West, Daniel Bennet, Paul Macchione. **Middle:** Ian Edmonds, Max Ritts, Fraser Baldry, David Reeser. **Front:** Chris Rae, Ivan Chin, Johann Smula. **Absent:** David Mantle, Lindsay Templeton.

Grade 3 - 5 Music



Listen to THIS!



I wish I chose the drums

A and B Choir



B-Choir
Back Row: Mr. Jamieson, Mario Maruzzo, Ethan Hoddes, Eric Plank, Sam Ostrander, Patrick Taylor, Brandon Vasquez. **Front Row:** Paul Ternamian, Joshua Nagel, Andrew Hephurn, Tim Chung, Michael Love, Gary Wong, Sean Lee.



and after Italy I'll preform in



A-Choir
Back Row: Garth Miller, Tyrone Bowers-Nigh, Cameron Wallace, Kent Elison, Alexander Zlotkin-Wolfson, Joseph Fulton, Dr. Bryant. **Middle Row:** Walter Davies, Matthew Sohm, Graham Durant-Taylor, Michael Pang, Thomas Lockett, Peter McGrath, Soren Brothers. **Front Row:** Peter Adams, Justin Ho, Paul Silny, Donald Pyper, Timothy Enfield.



We've all been kicked out'



Changed Voice Choir



Mr. Fowler, Jason George, Sandy Gibson, Jamie Edwards, Sean Phillips, Jonathan Lofft

The Quartet



Clockwise from the left: Jamie Bergstra, Mr. Fowler, Tim Pyper, David Dewees.



Two of the quartet at the Church of the Redeemer

The Senior Choir



Back: Mr. Fowler, Matt Kelly, Drew Gulyas, Taylor Armstrong, David Dewees, Bernard von Bieberstein, Graham Wright, Tim Pyper. **Front:** Alastair Kellett, James Boake, Jamie Edwards, Jonathan Lofft, Ken Adams, Mr. Jamieson



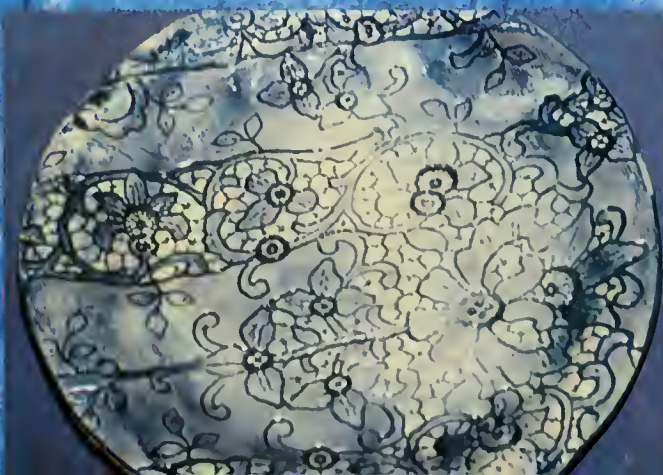
Jamie Bergstra and Bernard von Bieberstein



Left: Someone has to take Mr. Love's position while he is rehearsing



The Arts: Dramatic and Visual



Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead



*The purpose of playing ...both at first,
and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere
the mirror up to nature, to show virtue
her own feature, scorn her own image,
and the very age and body of the time
his form and pressure.*

The Cast

Rosencrantz.....	Damian Abraham
Guildenstern.....	Jim Bunting
The Player.....	Greg Karout
Alfred.....	James Boake
Tragedians.....	Pankaj Bhatia
	Arden Church
	Chris Kelly
	Jake Thompson
Hamlet.....	Geoff Chapman
Ophelia.....	Virginia Greer†
Claudius.....	John Golding
Gertrude.....	Vanessa Cassels†
Polonius.....	Drew Gulyas
Lady of the Royal Court.....	Katie Harrison†
Soldier/English Ambassador.....	Bernard Von Bieberstein
Soldier/Horatio.....	Mike Vitorovich
Courtier/Laertes.....	Dan Medd
Soldier/English Ambassador.....	Andries Mellema
Soldier/Fortinbras.....	Ryan Gulyas
Props.....	Rob Evans

The Crew

Stage Crew.....	Brian Southerland
	Fraser Tamaki
	Glenn Lou-Hing
	Brian Drake
Sound.....	Will Burton
Lighting Design.....	Andy Beadon & Rob Burkett
Lighting Plugger.....	Geoff Cowper-Smith
Stage Manager Assistant.....	Rob Burkett
Stage Manager.....	John Damanis
Make-up.....	Drew Pearson
	Amber Richardson†
Wardrobe Mistresses.....	Katie Isenberg†
	Stephanie Thompson†

†Havergal College

Directed by Richard Holdsworth
Play by Tom Stoppard



Some of the leading ladies and gentlemen of this year's play.



Clockwise from top left: Horatio (Mike Vitorovich), Rosencrantz and Guildenstern (Jim Bunting and Damian Abraham), The player (Greg Karout), a soldier (Bernard von Bieberstien), Queen Gertrude (Vanessa Cassels), Polonius (Drew Gulyas), and a lady of the court (Katie Harrison).





These pictures immortalize a few of the many great moments of the school's production of *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern*. It was an experience that will be remembered forever by the cast, crew, and audience.



Some shots
of what
really goes
on back
stage

Thirty Nine: A Junior School Film



Top Left: George: "look at all that gunk in Will's ear!"

Top Right: But I can act I say!

Bottom Left: Man is my boom big

Bottom Right: Taking a break (again!)



Mr. Jamieson rehearses as a "zombie artist"!



Geoff Chapman.



I could do this job!



Greg: I'm really glad I don't have his position.



one of the writers makes some suggestions.



Look into the monitor to see what Greg is so interested in.



Sandy and Meggan wait for more instructions.



Andreas Mellema: Will he be the next Andy Warhol?



ABOVE: A grade 9 self portrait by Jonathan Kellett.

RIGHT: A self portrait by Grade 9 student Aaron Lau

BELOW: A Linoblockprint Tim Pyron Grade 10.

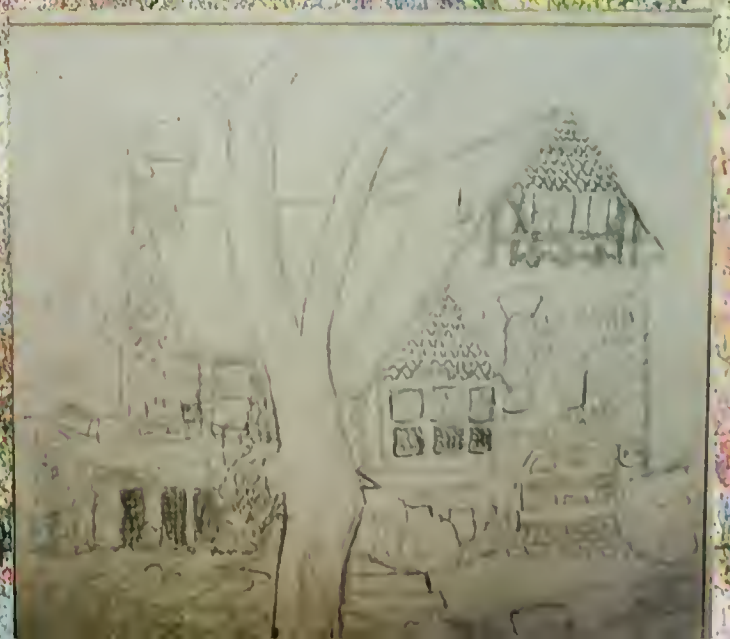




ABOVE: A Linoblock Print of an eagle by Brad Allgood Grade 10.

LEFT: A linoblock print by Toby Gibson Grade 12.

BELOW: A drawing of See House by Phil Watson Grade 9.





Above: This shows a linoblock print by Justin Wallace.

Above Right: A loon linoblock by Ken Adams.
Right: Monoprint by Francis Liuson.





Above Left: A pottery box by Matt Morden.
Above: A linoblock monkey by Matt Donald.
Left: A piece by Aaron Lau.



Top: A picture by Patrick Hayes.
 Above: A drawing of See House by Craig McIvor.
 Right: A monoprint by Mrs. Grieve.



Top: A picture by Phil Watson.
 Above: A picture of See House by Mark Pearcey.
 Left: A chapel window by Paul King.

Photo Contest



This year's Senior School Photo Competition netted all kinds of beauty: ranging from a group of lovely performers at this year's Lip Sink Competition; to the sparkle of water carved in competitive swimming; to colourful spinnakers in Toronto Harbour. Congratulations to our winners and all who entered.

The Winners:

- 1st: Andrew Beadon (top)
- 2nd: Marc Antoniadis (above)
- 3rd: Alex Moniz-Brown (right)

Honourable Mentions:

Bryce Carter, Greg Karout



Past the Photocopier

Anyone who has been downtown, or in a big city, or anywhere really, knows that the most annoying thing those people do is step on your shoes. Don't laugh - you know exactly what I mean. You're looking into a store window, any store window, and BOOM, it just happens. Someone steps, - you know? Like, right on the shoes. And there isn't anything you can do about it. 'Cause they just do it no matter what. They just, they do. Right?

Doesn't that ever happen to you? It happens to me all the time, and I really hate it. I mean, is this the ultimate inconsideration or what? Your shoes, not just your feet. Everyone has feet. But, like, shoes you gotta pay for. And then they start stepping. It would be different if it was just one or two people, you know, like by accident. But it's not. It's never just an accident. And it's never just one step. I can hardly go shopping anymore with shoes on. 'Cause once you get stepped on hard two or three times it starts to really hurt. You get a bruise or something from, like, some lady's high-heels. Those really dig in. And they always twist their heel into it. Like nails into your feet. And some times they fall and curse and say they twisted their ankle real bad, but they give you that look. That evil glare that gives it all away, it just says "Gotcha pretty good eh?" And you can glare back, you can even shout, and it just don't do ya

no good. 'Cause nobody saw it, like it never happened, and they just think you're crazy. Or they think you tripped her. But that's not what happened. She was stepping on your shoes, and she got you really good.

Or those men in fancy suits, with a briefcase, they've got the shoes all rigged out on the bottom. A low wide rubber heel so they can grip the pavement and pivot. And a long, flat, hard leather sole. Maybe got a bit of sand or grit stuck to the bottom so they can really mess you up. Those big old business men are the worst. It's like ten tonnes of crushing, scrunching power. And your feet just get so bruised and swollen you have to take your shoes off. Then they leave you alone. They're not looking for the barefoot kind - that's not their target. So when you're in bare feet they give you a look, not the evil kind, just the crazy kind. Like there's something wrong with you that you're taking your shoes off in the middle of the sidewalk. But they just want you to keep your shoes on so they can step some more.

Then, there's the times it's a couple people at once. They follow you for a while, down the street, into the Library, past the front desk, through Adult Fiction, past the photocopier, through Science, all around. Until they get you in-some place where you're pretty much alone. Then it happens. It's much worse than anyone is



prepared to admit.

Sometimes, they'll follow me back to the house, that's when I really start to freak out. I'm just sprinting once I'm in the gate, and they're right behind. Like hounds on the hunt. Jiggling the keys jiggling to get the bolt to throw; but once I'm in it settles down. They just wander around in the yard a bit. And they'll come up to the windows and peer in. I don't like that at all. I usually just throw them a shoe out the back door, and then they're all over it stomping, stomping, stomping. For an hour - maybe more. And then they leave. And I can go out and dig up the shoe, 'cause it's mostly underground. Sometimes it's not too wrecked and I can wear it again. But not usually.

Deep down you know everything I've said is true. You may not like it. I'm not asking you to. I don't like it myself; the truth hurts. But something has to be done. You know - something...

By: David Dewees

Grade 13

Questions And Answers

When someone asks me what business I'm in, I try to change the topic as quickly as possible. Unfortunately, I find it quite a challenge to conceal my identity from everybody. There are always little clues or hints that will reveal who I really am. Sometimes it is my height, but more often it is my actions that will unmask me.

I do not bring pleasure to myself, however, I bring pleasure to the people I work for. Some people stop me on the street and ask me, "What do you do for a living?"

"I answer questions," I reply in a calm voice. I must be careful not to reveal any more information about my profession, because if I do, I might be unveiled. There are many different types of questions that I try to answer. Some deal with crime, while others deal with sin. Most of the time, the answers are hard to find and they require much research and observation, but I always find answers to them. In fact, I make it my policy to find an answer to all the questions. If I can't, I won't sleep.

My profession takes me to various places. I follow different people, six to eight hours a day, and I carefully observe all of my subjects' actions. Ordering phone taps and monitoring my subjects' phone-conversations are some of the tools that I use to study them. Afterwards, complex reports must be written and these reports are carefully constructed into



conclusions. Once these conclusions are made, I report back to my questioners.

As I said earlier, sometimes it is my height that will reveal my identity. To be honest, I am one of the tallest people in town. I try to blend in, but because of my height, I stick out. I find it hard to observe my subjects because I am looking at them from afar. If I try to get closer, my subjects will spot me without a problem because of my height.

I wish I were shorter. Then, my job would not be that difficult. I would not have to worry about having my subjects spot me in a crowd. I would not stand out in a crowded hall. If I were short, I could fit into small alleyways between buildings, and observe my subjects up close rather than from afar. However, despite my height, I try the best I can to hide myself in the darkness in alleyways. My

black trench coat and dark sunglasses help me to hide.

This is what I do for a living. I am a private-eye trying to answer the questions that I am confronted with. I work in a walk-in clinic with the nickname "Private Sly" printed on the door. People normally walk into my clinic and ask me questions about anything.

"Come back in four days, then your answer will be ready," I reply to them calmly. Maybe someday, someone will take over my job, but for now, I am the only private-eye in this town. When I retire, I might be able to ask questions but for now, I only answer them.

By: Brian Pho,
Grade 12

Lips And Teeth

Once upon a time there were two tiny kingdoms in China, Yue and Cheung. They were tiny but wealthy. Their people lived happily and peacefully in their countries. However, the two kingdoms were weak in armament, and they faced the strong and large kingdom of Chun which was their neighbour and wished to conquer them. Consequently, the two kingdoms formed an alliance to protect themselves. Therefore, the kingdom of Chun did not invade either of them because the emperor of Chun was afraid of their joint strength and fighting back.

The two kingdoms lived together peacefully for generations and their alliance continued to ensure their safety, until a greedy man became the king of Yue after his father, the original king, had died. Yue was one of the two tiny kingdoms. At the same time, in the palace of Chun, the king was discussing with his government officials a plan about invading the two countries. One of his officials said, 'We will be in trouble when they respond to our invasion together.' The king said, 'Although we can win, it costs too much if they fight back jointly.' Then, one of the other officials said, 'The king of Yue will help us.' The king and the two other officials said immediately, 'The king of Yue? He will help us invade his own country? Are you crazy?' 'Of course I'm not crazy. He will do so, but I need the Treasury Jade and the Thousand Miles Horse to finish the job.' The king replied, 'Oh these two things are so valuable that they are like part of my life. I cannot give them to you.' 'Please be confident that the king of Yue will give



you back these two treasures together with his land and his ally's, my lord.' 'All right! I will give you those two things, but if you fail to get them back, be careful for the safety of your head.'

The king of Yue soon received these gifts and promised to cease the alliance with his partner, the kingdom of Cheung. He even agreed that the forces of Chun could pass through his state to invade Cheung...

He showed the gifts to his Prime Minister later in the palace. 'Are these beautiful? The jade and the horse belong to me now,' he said. 'heee....', the horse seemed to be trying to tell him the trick, or maybe the horse was laughing at him, owing to his foolishness. His prime minister replied, 'we should not leave our old friend alone just because of these things. Your Majesty, you should be aware that we are dependent on each other for our safety. Just like teeth cannot go without lips. If lips are not here, teeth will feel cold. Similarly,

Cheung is the lips and we are the teeth. If Cheung is seized, we will be in danger too.'

'Shut up! Chun is our friend now. You see, these things are so pretty, so valuable ...' The Prime Minister then went away and whispered, 'Yue is finished.' Soon, Cheung was defeated and sacrificed. When the army went back to Chun via Yue, the king of Yue talked to the official of Chun, 'Just use a jade and a horse to conquer a country. The price is so cheap.' Then he received a reply from the official of Chun, 'Not one country, but two,' he yelled to the king of Yue, 'we have conquered Cheung already. You think we will let you exist any longer!?' Then he turned around and called his soldiers, 'come; arrest him!' He pointed to the king of Yue and said, 'I regret a lot that I parted with the king of Cheung. You are too foolish. I regret a lot that I did not listen to my prime minister's advice that day,' the king of Yue said.

By Eric Kung,
Grade 12

The Devil's Day

Tony'd had that feeling before. It was the type of feeling you get when things are looking bad, or on the verge of looking bad. He had it the day before his wedding. That night his wife died in a car accident, coming home from a party that one of her friends had thrown for her. He had also had it when his company was announcing the departments whose funding was being cut. The next day, Tony was without a job.

These events might have helped in the development of his problem. He wasn't sure, and at this moment he didn't really care, I can assure you. But to tell you the truth, these events were God's work, I just used them to my advantage. You are probably wondering what Tony's problem is. Well, if you don't mind waiting a few minutes, I will tell you. But first, I would like to talk to you about me, who I am, and what I do. I am the devil. You may be surprised, even a little scared when hearing this. Do not be. I am writing this to show you that I am not to be looked at as the evil one, but just as the opponent or opposition. Same difference. My purpose in eternity is to always oppose God in his thoughts, decisions, and plans for the future and the past. And to all those who do not believe in God, well, you are wrong. He does exist, and I am proof of that.

Whenever he proposes something, I am opposed, I must oppose. It is why He created me, to have someone who is capable of arguing with him. Of course, there are other beings that he created, but no matter what you hear, I am the most powerful one there is, other than the big guy himself, of course. However he

himself, is beatable, all you need to know is where to aim! I am writing about Tony, because he is my example that I am going to use in my up-coming argument with God. This time I'm going to win.

A few weeks after Tony was laid off, he was kicked out of his apartment for not paying the rent. During those couple of weeks he tried very hard to get a new job, but I made sure that he never got one. Heh, the devil has to have some fun, and anyway if I wanted him, he had to have a bad record. So, on the first night Tony was on the street, I did some favours for Mrs. Wendy Weather. It showed the devil in me! That night, the temperature dropped to -30. Tony wasn't expecting that in early November, and so the next day he knew that he was going to need some warm clothes. The only problem was that he didn't have any. That was when Tony first acquired his problem. you could also say, that was when I first started talking with Tony, trying to convince him that he should be the one with all the money, and the perfect wife, living in the penthouse of an expensive apartment building. That night Tony claimed his first victim.

During the next couple of weeks I kept talking with Tony, and Tony kept killing people. That's what makes me so powerful. I can make anyone do anything I want, whenever I want, to whoever I want, using whatever I want. Tony killed seventeen people in three and a half months. I had promised him that I would take care of him if the police ever caught him, which they did, you may be happy to know. Anyway, his first night in prison, I took him with me to hell to get

him ready for our argument with God. I told him what was going on. At first he didn't believe, but he came around.

The argument is to take place on New Year's Eve, 1999. God will come with his most devoted servants, and I will come with mine. These arguments take a long time to finish, and I have never won. This year's argument is that God wants to let the earth and humans live. Me, I think we should end the whole thing right then, and there. With Tony as my main example I'm, sure I will win. And to those who think God is unbeatable, like I said earlier, he isn't. So on New Year's Eve 1999, make sure you think of me and Tony, and drink as much champagne as you want, but it won't make a difference, because when you wake up the next day it will all be over. It will be the Devil's Day!

By: Elliot "The Devil" Hughes,
Grade 11



A Strange Reoccurrence

I was back. Every night at about the same time I find myself standing here at the corner of Elm and Broadview, trying to comprehend just how I got there. It's odd how unfamiliar a place can be even though you visit it every night.

The streets were empty, and so were all of the stores that lined it. Except for one. Off in the distance I saw a flashing light. I decided to investigate what that could possibly be.

I started to walk along Elm towards the light. I saw that it was on the other side of the street so I decided to cross over. Suddenly, as if out of nowhere, a large bus appeared and was heading straight for me. I jumped towards the sidewalk but fell short, and I looked back just in time to see the bus run over my feet. First the front wheels, then the back ones.

As soon as the bus had gone, I looked down at my feet.

"Damn," I thought to myself. "I'm going to buy new shoes."

I decided to go on, because there was not a shoe store in sight and even if there were it would be closed. I continued towards the light, this time looking both ways before I crossed the street.

As I got closer, I saw that the light was actually a sign. It read: The Sandman Pub. Of course! The Sandman Pub is where I come every night. I usually can't figure out where I am at first but now I feel it all coming back to me.

I started to run towards The Sandman. Getting faster and faster with each step, I ran so fast that when I got

there I had trouble stopping.

I quickly stepped into the Sandman and looked around. I saw all the regulars, Viveca, Allan., Horner, Lady Fidget, Sparkish, Mr. Whycherly, and Shakespeare (the bartender). I looked over to the far left side of the building to where Mrs. Miller (the owner of the Sandman) has her office. The lights were off in the office, but she was in there.

I stepped up to the bar and asked Shakespeare for a vodka martini, shaken, not stirred. He prepared it in about five seconds and gave it to me. He then said something, I'm not sure what (I can never understand what he says!), so I handed him a five dollar bill. He gave me my change and then proceeded to wipe off the counter with a cloth.

I pulled up a bar stool and sat down. It was then that I recognised a new decoration in the pub. It was a Grecian urn, quite beautiful. I was about to go and look at it when I felt a hand on my shoulder.

"That's my seat!" said the man behind me. I realised in an instant that it was Moose. He comes around here occasionally and picks on people. He was a huge man, capable of pulling a tree right out of the ground. I know this because I have seen him do it.

"I was actually just leaving..." I said, starting to stand up.

"I don't care! It's my seat! Nobody sits in this seat but me!" He yelled.

"Listen, I'll just get up and give you your seat back and everything will be fine. Okay?" I said in return.

You know what I do to people that sit in my seat? Huh? Do ya?"

"No, I have no idea. Please, don't take this personally but I also don't care!"

"Big mistake!" Moose grabbed me by my neck and tried to strangle me. Intense fury surged through my body. I somehow found the strength to swing my arms, and to my amazement, I threw one of the most beautiful punches on Moose you've ever seen. Moose was so stunned that he loosened his grip on me and fell to the ground. I jumped up and landed on Moose, who was lying on his back. I started to swing my arms in the direction of Moose's head. Every punch hit him dead center in the face. It was great! I was winning! I was beating Moose in the thing he does best!

Then the inevitable happened. It happens every night, but not usually so soon. If it had waited another five minutes I would have experienced the greatest triumph of my life. But it did happen and I woke up.

By: David Robinette, Grade 11



Politics of a Chessboard

The kings, the knights, the rooks, all
are pawns
When the board closes they wake,
come to life
Long time ago the kings lost
their power
All are free to speak, free to say
anything
Every piece has its say, decides
by a vote

The kings the knights, the rooks, all
are pawns
The pawns want more say, want more
power
One gloomy day the board closes,
darkness

Speeches; a rally, a campaign
begins
Board split; shakes, rumbles, voices
big fight
Vote is taken, results close
pawns lose
The kings, the knights, the rooks, all
are pawns
The pawns want more say, want more
power

The board is torn apart, pieces
uneasy
Games later; pawns mad, want to
separate
Everyone in a rush,
fast forward

Vote taken, counted, pawns win
by a whisker
The kings, the knights, the rooks, all
are pawns
The pawns want more say, want more
power
The board is torn apart, pieces
uneasy
Board closes for the last time,
no more power
no more happiness
no more board
pawns win
everybody loses
no more board.

*Amr Kronfol
Grade 10*

The Counter Clockwise Movement of the World

"Where did I go wrong?" Jesus asks the Devil
"I taught the Christians to treat others
as they would their own brothers,
but instead they enslave the Romans and choose
to use them as lion bait."

The Devil only smiles

Moses joins in on the conversation, complaining about
one thing or another then explodes into a fit
"Damn my people,
I caught them again trying to exterminate
the German race."

The Devil shrugs his shoulders

The clouds unfold beneath them to reveal a horrid sight,
the white American slaves revolting against
their black masters
The only thing Martin Luther King can do
is shake his head.

The Devil just looks at his watch.

Mike Fountain Grade 10

Laird And Lila's Garden Fresh Milk Mart

The florescent lights flickered twice then illuminated the whole store with the brightness of another day. Laird, the owner of the store, grabbed his apron which was hanging from a hook and placed it over his head, securing it behind his waist by tying a loose knot with two strings. With a certain formality he then firmly lowered his hat, which had been hanging underneath his apron, onto his head. He then turned to the convex mirror in the corner of the store making sure he was looking presentable for his early morning customers. After turning on his new neon sign which announced that the store was open and unlocking the door, he took a packet of dried apricots from a display close to the front of the store and a carton of milk from the large cooler at the back that contained the dairy products. Laird put the money for the things he took from the store into the cash register to prevent creating an imbalance in the books that would cause him grief later. After he did this he sat down in his chair and waited for Mr. Lones.

Mr. Lones arrived at 7:05 am, as usual, and Laird had all the things he needed set on the counter ready to go. A coffee, two packs of Rothmans and a copy of the *Financial Post* was all Mr. Lones ever bought and he was always in a rush, so Laird decided about a week ago that he would set out everything and save him some time. Mr. Lones was grateful for this and appreciated Laird's act of kindness. He handed him a \$10.00 bill and told him to keep the change.

Mr. Lones was the kind of guy who never slows down to enjoy the things he has. He's always looking for money and then when he gets it it's not enough. Laird knew this and always felt lucky that his dreams were not as large as Mr. Lones' and he could be made happy by simple things. He thought this with a smile as he slipped the ten dollar bill into his pocket.

Mrs. Fallopi was late this morning, and Laird was relieved as she entered the store with a warm hello that was garnished by a gentle ring of the bells. Even though Mrs. Fallopi never came in at exactly the same time every morning she was getting old and the ice this time of year could play havoc with the footsteps of the elderly, so Laird's concern was understandable. She was a very slow shopper due to her pickiness. Some mornings when Laird wasn't in such a good mood he would help her do it just so he wouldn't have to listen to her grumbling about the quality and price of everything from toilet rolls to Roloids. Eventually she was finished. She paid and promised to send her son over later with some pasta for Laird. Laird picked up his book and began to read.

The dragon swooped down from the emerald coloured mountain... "How much is this, please?" Laird put down his book due to the interruption caused by a young woman he had never seen before. She was holding up a pack of gum. Laird told her it was seventy-five cents. She rifled through her pockets and eventually found enough change to buy the gum. Laird thanked her, and she smirked and walked away. He was surprised by her coming to the store in the early morning, seeing as it was usually only a select few who come through and all the people he didn't know by name came



at busy times like lunch and after work. But he was happy to see her, for then he could look forward to the possibility of her becoming a regular customer. And because she was pretty and he wanted more regular customers, he was happy at the thought. It was now 8:00 am and the school kids would be arriving shortly. They came in mostly on Mondays because that was the day most of them got their allowance and it was when Laird put all the new comic books on the shelf. There was a fight after the kids found out that there weren't enough comic books to go around. Laird broke up the fight and promised that those who didn't get comic books today would be guaranteed comics next Monday. The kids left the store in a stampede and what seemed like a sudden feeling of relief swept through Laird's body. Laird had now defined which kids were the leaders of the group and who were the followers; who were the mischievous kids and who were the innocent ones. He didn't really mind having kids come to his store, but when they came in big groups and without their parents it did bother him a little.

A few more people came, and then it was the end of his shift, and Lila came down from upstairs and placed her apron over her head.

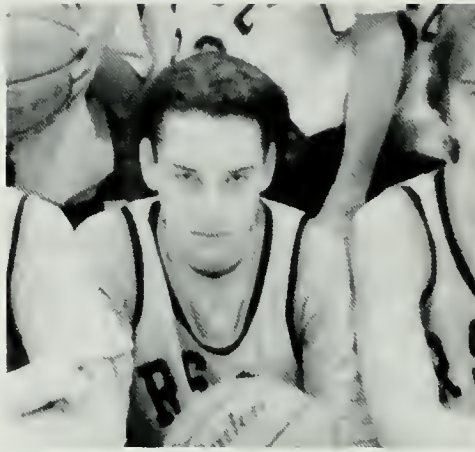
*By: Simon Wilkinson,
Grade 10*

Breaking the Barrier

The frozen ball is thrown towards the batter and through the silence of the Brooklyn streets is the sound of the pitchers cold arm crack. It was January 1947 and as usual I was playing ball in the cold snowy streets of Brooklyn. My friends and I had no where else to play. Just like the pros, we were not allowed to play with the white boys. All my friends had a dream. Their dream was to play in the Negro League. I had a different dream. My dream was to play in the Major Leagues. All the other kids laughed at my dream telling me it would never happen. (There has never been a Negro to play in the Majors.) As months passed by I began to agree with my friends, my dream was far fetched.

It was a quiet Saturday morning in Brooklyn. On Saturdays my dad would spare a nickel of his booze money so I could go buy a paper from the news stand on the corner of the street. The first thing I would normally look for was the number of deaths that occurred the day before. But this Saturday was different, something caught my eye before I made it to the part of the paper where it recorded the deaths. In big letters the headline said, Negro Thinks He Can Play With us. I read on not thinking about the racist comment on the title. The article said that the black second baseman, Jackie Robinson, was on the verge of being signed by the Brooklyn Dodgers. The article went on to say how wrong this would be. I was amazed! I began to think about my dream and realized that it wasn't so far fetched. I ran over to my friend Jake's house to tell him the news. At first he didn't believe me, but when I showed him the paper, he was just as excited as I was.

The next day I stole a nickel from my dad and sprinted to the news stand to see the latest about Jackie. When I got home I sat down and read the paper. I was



disgusted to read that the Dodgers were forming a petition to stop Robinson from joining the team. The article went on to talk about Robinson's past plays with the Kansas City Monarchs in the Negro League. When I read about Robinson doing everything he could to pursue what he wanted, I realized I was a lot like him. From this point on my past obsessions with Lou Gehrig were over, I now idolized Jackie Robinson.

After putting up a big fight, Jackie Robinson was pencilled in as a member of the Brooklyn Dodgers. There was no doubt in my mind that with the heart Jackie showed he would be a great success in the pros. All this talk about Robinson gave me the incredible drive to go for my dream.

As months passed by, I improved. Everyday I would get Jake to hit me some ground balls. My position was shortstop, the opposite side of the middle-in-field from Jackie. Jake's dad sought field time at an old park in downtown Brooklyn. He was accepted. Jake's dad was going to start a league for 16 year old Negroes. We would play other Negroes from outside Brooklyn.

Today is my birthday. Since my dad was too wasted to remember, Jake's dad had a surprise for me. At 4:30 Jake and his dad picked me up in their car. Not many people had a car. On the way to wherever we were going, the car broke down. I guess that's the risk you take when owning a car. When Jake's Dad's car got working

again, we continued to head towards downtown Brooklyn. As we entered town, I noticed Ebbetts Field, the home of the Brooklyn Dodgers. All of a sudden, Jake's dad pulled into the stadium and said, Boy, here's your present from Jake and me. I was so excited! I had never been in the stadium. I had only read about how big it was. As we entered the stadium, there was a man asking for tickets. Jake's dad gave him three and we walked through. We were walking down a hall searching for our seats. I was ecstatic! We then turned towards the field and I couldn't help but notice the biggest patch of grass I'd ever seen.

At today's game Robinson wasn't on the starting line up but that was O.K. The game was great. In the bottom of the ninth, the Dodgers were trailing the Milwaukee Braves 3-2. It was intense, the fans were on their feet cheering for their Dodgers. The first batter was a player I'd never heard of, but he must have been good because he hit the ball to the gap in right centre field. Coming from the fans on the first level was some kind of a chant. I couldn't make out what they were saying. As the seconds passed by it got louder and people on the second level were chanting. It was pumped out into the game. All of a sudden the announcer came on the P.A. And said, Now into the game for the Brooklyn Dodgers, J-J-Jackie-e Robinson! This brought me to my feet along with thousands of other fans. As Jackie stepped into the box he banged his bat against his cleat. There was no expression on his face as he set his feet into the dirt. The first pitch was way high and inside. If Jackie didn't jump to the ground it would have taken off his head. All the players from the Dodgers got up from their seats and waited for Jackie to move. Jackie just got up, not wiping off the dirt on his pants. He looked mad and that killer instinct was in his eyes. I think almost everyone in the stadium, including me knew what was going to happen next. Robinson stepped back into the box waiting for the delivery from the pitcher. It was a fast ball but to me it looked like a slow ball because it was in slow

motion. Robinson's swing was level and his head stayed with the swing. The ball connected with the sweet spot of the bat and the ball was smashed and I mean smashed down the left field line. The runner on second was heading for third. The third base coach was frantically waving him home following him half way down the line. There was going to be a play at the plate. The player in left field gunned the ball towards home. The catcher caught the ball and slapped the tag on the runner as he touched home plate. The crowd went silent waiting for the call from the umpire. The umpire fired his arms to the side, signaling safe. The crowd went wild. The Dodgers had won thanks to the man of the hour-Jackie Robinson.

Today is the first game of our new league that Jake's dad is organizing. Our team sucks. I'm the only good player on the team. We have lost every game so I'm a bit pissed off. The other players and coaches are starting to recognize my talent. Scouts are starting to come to our games. I heard they are looking at me. I found a nickel on the street, so I bought a newspaper and read that Robinson went 4 for 5 yesterday against the Yankees. The Dodgers won 7-4.

It was pouring rain when Jake and me had to walk back from practice. We were a bit scared because the only way to get home was to walk through a lot of alleys. There is always someone asking us for money and threatening us if we don't give it to them. When we were walking down the alley closest to our house, a person was heading towards us. To tell you the truth I was frantic! As the person got closer I could tell it was a black man. As we approached each other I saw a familiar face. It was Jackie Robinson! I stopped him and asked him for his autograph. I was so nervous, I didn't know what to say. It was my idol standing right in front of me. A sentence slipped out. I said, "Mr. Robinson it's not very safe for you to be walking here, there are some people that wouldn't mind seeing you dead." I thought to myself what a stupid thing to say. Jackie said, Thanks

kid, and walked off.

I received a letter in the mail. This wasn't common. On the front of the letter was T.C.F.Y.P. I later found out this stood for Training Camp For Young Prospects. I read on to find that I had a chance to try out for the pros. The only problem was that I had to come up with two hundred dollars. Two hundred dollars! Where would I get two hundred dollars?

I confronted my dad about the two hundred dollars. I told him it would be a good investment and if all went well he would get a lot more than two hundred dollars back. He told me to go away in a not so nice way. Then he guzzled down the rest of his Jack Daniels. My dad hasn't been the same since my Mom died.

I really only had one more option. I walked over to Jake's house and asked him for some ideas to get two hundred dollars. He said he would ask his dad for the money but they were in hard times. They had to sell their car and a lot of other stuff just to keep their house. I was out of ideas. There was no way to get two hundred dollars. I was so close and now my dream was over.

I went for a walk to cool off. I began to think of all the other kids that were attending the camp. I became jealous. All of a sudden my shoulder collided with the shoulder of another person. I was scared. I looked up and saw a familiar face. It was the man I saw not long ago in the very same alley. It was Jackie Robinson! This time he talked to me. He saw I was upset. He said, "Kid pull your head up and tell me what's the matter." I told him my dilemma. He said, "Kid I wouldn't be where I am now if it wasn't for hard work. Black men were not even allowed to go to these camps when I was your age." He said that I would just have to keep on working hard and my break would come. I thought to myself what are the chances of meeting Jackie Robinson, my idol, twice in a short time.

Two years later....

I'm still waiting for my break. I'm beginning to think that Jackie's advice is false. For the past two years, I've been receiving the same letter at the same time, for the same camp, at the same price. Jake's dad has told me to tell the camp that I am not interested in playing pro ball. I think this is because he thinks if I tell the scouts the real reason they will lose respect for me.

I've been playing in a new league with white boys. There are a lot of scouts. Sometimes I imagine that they are looking at me. Today, I hit a home run and made a diving catch in the infield. I felt great and this time I knew the scouts were noticing me.

Today a scout confronted Jake and asked him why I was not attending the prospect camp. Jake cracked and told them the real reason. Jake said that the scout just scratched his chin and walked away. I thought Jake was supposed to be my best friend.

Today I received a letter in the mail. I had no idea what it was or who it was from. I opened it and found out that it was from the Brooklyn Dodgers. They said that they had heard about my money problems and wanted to give me a chance to try out for the Dodgers. I was so excited! I began to jump up and down. I completely forgot about my seven foot ceiling and I bashed my head. It didn't hurt that much.

I ran up to my dad's room and told him the news. He didn't look excited at all and he didn't say anything. In fact, I don't even think he was conscious. I wasn't going to let his drinking problems ruin my big day. I began to think, if I make the Brooklyn Dodgers, I could rule the middle infield with Jackie Robinson!

By: Galen Davies, Grade 9

My Poor Old Dad

It was 3:30am on a Tuesday morning when my wife, Susan, answered the phone with a tired voice. "Hullo?" "Hi John. I'm outside my apartment. I can't get in." My wife looked at me drearly and said, "It's your dad. He called me John and told me he's locked outside his apartment." She handed me the phone, sighed and lay down. "Hello Dad." "John do you know about the hearing aids?" "Dad where are you?" "Uh.....Oh yes, I'm in the lobby. I can't get into my room." I was tired and wanted to get the conversation over with. "I'll come over Dad" I said, and hung up.

This had started to happen often, always in the night and I would have to drive over to his apartment and see what I could do. He would be waiting for me in the apartment lobby and would greet me cheerfully when I arrived. "Hi John! I was....." He would stop what he was saying and look around the room quite puzzled and then look at me. "What the hell am I down here for! What the hell's going on!" I'd explain things as best I could at 3:45 in the morning and I would walk him upstairs to his apartment. The irony of these situations was that my father usually had his apartment keys on him, but had forgotten where they were (but I really think it was that he would wake up confused as to where he was, and would call me to hear a familiar voice and then see me so that it would all come back to him). Because of this I stopped trying to ask him if he had the keys over the phone, or why he was awake and locked outside his apartment at such an hour. I also stopped trying to convince him that my name wasn't John (my brother's name) but it was Charlie and my wife's Susan. I found that he usually forgot most questions late at night very quickly and would instantly ask me about hearing aids or some other irrelevant thing. I'd just take him to his room, tell him to go to sleep and I would leave.

My poor old Dad suffered from Alzheimer's. He had been diagnosed with the disease two years ago about the same time those late night phone calls began. Sometimes there wouldn't be any phone calls for one month. Then there were times we'd get three calls a week. During the first two years there would be days when my father remembered quite a lot. There was no way of telling what he'd be like when I

visited him, but I always hoped for the best. Because I worried about him in his apartment alone, I hired two nurses to come in to look after him: one in the morning and one in the afternoon. It was expensive, but I couldn't bear putting him in a home. Besides, he was fond of his apartment.

About a week after I hired the nurses I got an answering machine. I remember the first message I received. "Hi John..... Hello?..... Are you listening?..... Where the hell did he go!". My Dad obviously thought I was really talking when he heard my recorded message. But once he realized I had an answering machine he would leave the same message over and over, sometimes five to ten times a day. I figured this was because he kept forgetting he'd left a message and would leave another message but forget he'd left that one and on it went. Then he went through his infamous stages.

The first stage consisted of him deciding finally (after seventy-four years) that bananas were pretty good. So he began buying them with a vengeance. He had a lot of time on his hands to pursue banana buying. He ate two or three bananas a day and would buy a bundle of six bananas every two days precisely. That would almost be normal, except he would buy six bananas, forget where he put them, confuse himself into thinking he hadn't bought any, go buy six more bananas and leave me a message on my answering machine: "Hi John, it's your...um...oh yes, It's your father calling. I seem to have bought a lot of bananas. If you want bananas you can have some. Did you find out about the hearing aids? And life went on.

My Dad soon became tired of this stage and went on to the next. This stage was similar to the first, except it consisted of the Nabisco 'Lorna Doon' cookie. My father obviously took a fancy to them because when I visited him that summer day, my intention being to tell him to lay off the phone calls and bananas, I found almost twenty 'Lorna Doon' boxes hidden all over his apartment. A few boxes were hidden in and under the bed, under the sink, in old unused suitcases, and in the hallway closet. I remember the conversation I had with him that day: "John?" "Yes Dad?" "How old are you now? You're a big boy." "I'm forty-five Dad." "Oh you are! Well that must make me fifty!" I laughed. "No Dad, your certainly not fifty!" He looked at me

with the most amazed, delighted look on his face. "You mean I'm younger!?" "No Dad, your older." "Oh....." He stared down at the floor. "How old do you think you are Dad?", I asked. "Well I..... dunno...Am I sixty?" "Nope." "Well, gee John, how old am I?". "Your seventy-four." "Woowow.....I didn't know that!" After this shocking piece of information hit him he either forgot it or wanted to confirm it. "How old am I?", he asked again. "You're seventy-four." "Gee.. I'm pretty old!". He looked at me sheepishly.

His third stage was the weirdest. He would dig out old suitcases I found and fill them with, well.....odd combinations of things. One of the suitcases I found contained a 'Lorna Doon' box, a refrigerator magnet, a telephone and three artificial roses. I asked him how these things got there. He replied: "So that's where that damn telephone went!". That night I called the two nurses to see how things were going. They both said everything was fine except he called them words like "Toots", "Girlfriend", "Hot Baby" and "Tahiti Treat." They were quite offended by these words (as they should be) so I explained (humorously) that my father was an old, obscene sexist with Alzheimer's, and that nothing could really be done about the name calling. They didn't get the humor and told me they understood, and they were very sympathetic about my father, but that they would really like him to stop. The last thing I wanted was for the nurses to quit, so I tried to explain the situation to my dad as simply as possible. "Dad? Marybeth and Judy don't like it when you call them words like 'hot baby.'" He replied: "You ought to get married soon. I know these two Tahiti treats who are mighty fine!". I realized it was hopeless trying to get him to stop.

It was sad to see my dad hunt for Easter eggs on Easter morning with my kids, searching for eggs he had hidden the night before and had totally forgotten where he had hidden them. It was sad that he couldn't remember my name. I remember another conversation I had with him: "John, I must have known you for a long time." "Yes," I said. "Maybe you lived on my street. I lived on 42nd street." "Yes, so did I", I said. "You did!", he exclaimed. He looked at me closely. "I lived in house #32." I was amazed he remembered all this. "Guess what?", I said. "I lived at #32 also." "Oh gee. So you mean we lived in the same

house?" "Yes, I'm your son." "You are?", he looked at me, puzzled.

There were times when my dad would get lonely and depressed and he would leave a message on the machine: "John.. it's your dumb old father, I'm so dumb, I can't remember a damn thing. I'm sorry for being so dumb." I would always visit him when I heard those types of messages.

The last stage was the football stage. My father loved football all of a sudden and started buying tickets over the phone. This surprised me, since my dad wasn't the jock type. Nonetheless, football became his fancy. He would always leave a message when he got tickets. "Hi John... It's your father. I got tickets for the game tonight. They're right here.....wait...where the hell are they?". My dad then put the receiver down but you could still hear what he was saying on the machine. "Those bloody women comin' in my room and hiding everything!!" You could hear him crashing through draws and cabinets, there was a long pause and then he said: "What are these..telephone bills for last...March?" My Dad's telephone was disconnected a week later. My answering machine got a little rest for a while.

Susan and I finally decided that it was time to put my Dad in a senior's home. There had to be someone watching him twenty-four hours a day. The first two homes we looked at were quite horrible. They were filthy and had depressingly white walls and grey floor tiles. Plus both of them smelt like stale denture cream. The third home, however was quite nice. It had white walls and grey floors like the first two, but there were potted plants and flowers here and there, even a few Wal-Mart farmland paintings which added a tacky sense of tranquility. The rooms were also quite nice. They had wall-to-wall beige carpeting, a double bed, a brand new television and a state of the art washroom (if there is such a thing). Susan and I were quite impressed. While we were getting a tour of the place we passed an old man in a wheelchair being escorted back to his room by a nurse. He was wearing blue pajamas and looked quite normal except for the pink bow tie he wore around his sagging neck. As he passed us he said to me: "You did a fine job shinin me shoes, laddy. They're so shiny I saw me reflection in 'em. I couldn't take me eyes

off dem shoes!". He then let out a roaring guffaw which lasted for quite a while until it turned into a coughing fit. He was missing most of his teeth and he was unshaven, so I decided not to ask about the pink bow tie.

The place was called the Beacon Hill Retirement Home. Susan and I decided that this was the place for Dad. We signed the papers and they told us all he should bring were his treasured items and prized furniture, but not to bring all his belongings for fear his room would be too cramped. Coming home I realized what I was going to have to do it the next day.

On June 16, Susan and I went to my Dad's apartment and started packing our best guesses about what he would want to bring with him. It's one of the hardest things I have ever done, emotionally that is. I hardly said a word that whole afternoon. I didn't have to anyway. When we got to my father's apartment he took no notice of what we were doing and cheerily rambled on about this and that. I remember what he was doing just before we left for Beacon Hill. He was staring in the mirror looking quite shocked. "John! What's happened to my hair? Look how many grey hairs I have!". The hair he still had was completely greyish-white, and had been for the last ten years. God, what happened too me...?" He was studying his hair: "Must be that damn shampoo."

Susan and I led him downstairs and to the car. I didn't say a word. We drove him to Beacon Hill and when we arrived we were greeted by a young woman who told us to go to the dining hall and that someone would take care of my Dad's bags. A minute later I found myself sitting with Susan and my dad at a long table crowded with seniors. I had no idea how my dad would react to all this but it turns out he had a great time. He didn't have a clue who these people around him were, and they certainly didn't know him, but for the whole dinner he talked and laughed with everyone around him. Susan also had a good time sharing gardening tips with a nice old woman named Elizabeth. Except for the Greek woman who tried to persuade me to marry her daughter, everyone ignored me, which was perfectly fine, I was busy worrying about my dad. It turns out he never did (to this day) ask about his apartment.

Beacon Hill seems to be the perfect place for my father. He has happily stayed there for two years now. He is always kept busy and entertained, mostly just by chatting with his friends, flirting with the young nurses, and playing various types of card games which , despite his disease, he has never forgotten.

I visit my dad twice a week usually. Most of the time I find him sitting in the hall (it's essentially a bingo parlor). They play old thirties and forties songs while all the seniors sit and chat or play cards while they wait for the 4:30 bingo game. My father always greets me cheerfully when I visit and we talk until bingo starts and then I help him with his bingo card. Of his bingo winnings, he has won some exotic candy, a fine straw hat, a gold crested pack of playing cards (he loves those), and a small basket full of an assortment of shampoos and soaps. Unfortunately, his Alzheimer's has gotten worse. When he wakes up, he has no clue as to who everyone is. The nurses know this, so every morning at breakfast they introduce themselves to him and he seems to remember everyone more clearly. I'm sure my dad doesn't mind being greeted by strange young women every morning.

I visited him a while ago and found him sitting on his bed looking, emotionless, at the floor. I greeted him and he turned his head and looked at me with a troubled gaze. I suddenly realized it. All his life (even when he developed Alzheimer's), despite the fact he couldn't remember my name or remember I was his son, he always knew that I was someone close to him, and that I was a friend, someone he could talk to always. But now I realized it. All those years of bringing me up and looking after me as a child, and all those visits and moments, good or bad, that we had shared together were gone. He had forgotten what I meant to him. I was just another piece in the puzzle of life, which he couldn't fit anywhere. I was no longer special in his heart. There he sat on his bed, staring at me, confused and troubled. My poor old dad had finally, truly, forgotten me.

By: David Baker, Grade 9



Grade 9 Poetry

The Seed

As I sit all cold and nervous,
in this dark, damp, desolate hole,
steeped in what scientists call potential energy,
nobody caring about me, about to be reborn,
I ponder my first life.

When that much awaited heavy wind blew,
my mother' released 300 of us.
Soaring over the land, over trees,
over buildings and back to the natural and comforting forest.

That flight, freed my virginity of flying.
That flight, was the only taste of freedom I shall ever savour.
That flight, was the storm before the calm.

Soon I will be planted with my feet in the ground
And my head pleading for sunlight.
I will be completely vulnerable,
not being able to move or speak, and knowing
the only way I can survive is by waiting
anxiously for my tiny splinter of sunlight.

Almost exactly, like a crippled homeless person
in a wheelchair, begging for money.

By: Sam Gildiner, Grade 9

Art

Art is built from expressing your emotions,
It is possibly too hard for the average person.
A skill only mastered by the open-minded,
A skill conquered by the creative.
An image filled with different thoughts,
An image created by emotion.
A symbol seen by even the blind,
A symbol of total individuality.
A feeling so deep it is difficult to see,
A feeling so vague only a few can magnify it.
An impression in the minds of all,
An impression imposed on our lives.
A skill, an image, a symbol, a feeling, an impression so
Expandable and unique it can never be duplicated

By: Christopher Barnes, Grade 9

School

It started.
I'm shoved through the cast-iron gates.
The air is rank,
With the smell of brimstone.

I am chained to the wall.
The demons' shackals tear at my skin.
With every crimson droplet,
Instilling more hatred upon my tattered soul.

The only remaining light,
Is crushed by the demons.
I am enveloped in grey.
An empty, mushroom grey.

I'm losing hope.
Losing control.
Slowly decaying.
Gathering hatred.

The demons are well fed.
The lessons stain their teeth with blood.
Yet when the class is over,
They're still hungry.

I'm stuck in this nightmare.
The demons devour.
The grey taking me over.
How much more can I take?

One day, my escape.
One day, my manifestation of hatred,
Will be released.
Revenge.

By: Miller Peterson, Grade 9

Rain

The cloud gets darker as it strains
to hold within the begin of rain

Then comes the moment we've all been fearing

RAIN

as the warm drops hit my skin

I feel a quivering from within

I open my mouth wider than wide to catch a drop or two inside

RAIN

it trickles down into the ground

as it seeks a river not yet found

I lay on the ground and look up to see

RAIN

I look in the sky and see a light

one I would say that was not too bright

then I realized what it could be

that light was coming right for me

RAIN

in a flash it's gone and I am too

well maybe, I don't know what to do

have I really been turned to dust

RAIN

now I have perished from this Earth

just like in one quick burst

this might be for the worst

I didn't really like it there on Earth

PAIN

By: Adam Clark, Grade Nine

Falling Alone

Falling alone.

In a pit of darkness.

No one around

To hinder my descent.

As I descend further

My head fills with pain.

Then I feel faint

My head lingers away.

Falling alone.

In a pit of darkness.

No one around.

Alone in my pit of gloom.

The surface grows farther

The devil grows nearer

The sun grows fainter

The darkness grows larger.

Falling alone

In a pit of darkness

The bottom is nearer

The end it has come.

By: Scott Hong, Grade 9

Bow Down

The hypocrites open their mouths,

But I refuse to listen.

The hypocrites preach their lies,

But I refuse to submit.

They can try to assimilate me,

But I refuse to submit.

They can spit out their doctrines,

But my ears are shut.

They can lift high the cross,

But I won't bow down.

They can get on their hands and knees,

But I never will

They try and mask the corruption,

But they don't fool me.

They can banish me to hell,

But I'll see them there.

By: Miller Peterson, Grade 9

Vampire

She stands over his coffin, a black rose in her hand
here she will remain until he is committed to the sand.

His coffin is lowered, she throws her rose in barely stifling
her laughter

here he will remain, dead her prey for now and hereafter.

She begins to reminisce of the killing at which she is so good
she sighs a long sigh and silently remembers his sweet, sweet blood.

He is lying now, six feet under the ground
silent testimony to death in which he is bound.

As she moves on, done with today, ready to add to her dark empire
she throws her head back and laughs, the laugh of a
two thousand year old vampire.

Her prey will fall, one after another
men, woman, and children, and even her brother

She will not know death, nor will death know her
but countless men, women, and children will never again be heard

By: Drew Czernik, Grade 9

Greetings to the Staff and Students of Royal St. George's College

I was quite pleased to hear the excellent comments about your school from some of my colleagues at Queen's Park, a few of whom have children in various grades at RSGC. It is said that yours is a caring community in which there is concern for every individual, at every level. I understand that there exists a deep bond between students, teachers and parents.

A few weeks ago, some students from the senior school visited Queen's Park to watch the opening session of Parliament. In the afternoon, they dropped by my office and I took them for a tour. I was introduced to each of them during a short break in my busy schedule. We exchanged thoughts and ideas over tea and biscuits. I was greatly impressed by their excellent behavior and good manners. They were polite, smartly dressed in their school uniforms and carried themselves quite well.

A member of my staff, whose son attends your junior school, mentioned to me that RSGC provides a solid educational program with structure and discipline together with extra-curricular activities.

As you may be aware, my wife and I have two young boys. Mike Jr. aged nine years and Jeffrey aged three. Having heard rave reviews about your school from parents and colleagues, I am now seriously considering seeking admission for my oldest boy for grade five in 1996.

In conclusion, I wish to state that I am convinced that Royal Saint George's College will provide a solid foundation for useful, fulfilling lives for my boys in order to face tough challenges that lie ahead.

Mike Harris
Premier of Ontario

(alias Jonathan Abraham, Grade 7)



A Day in the Life of RSGC



RIINNNGGG!!! “Everybody inside!”, “Gauntlet!”, “Let’s crowd surf Cam!”. Familiar sounds of the mad rush down to the basement of the Junior School. In the mornings everything is total chaos. People flying down the stairs and soccer in the locker room. In first period, everyone is tired out and annoyed: “We don’t have a test first period, do we?!”, “Yes, you fool! He announced it yesterday!!”. As everyone walks in the test is taken and we trudge out to period two. In period two everyone is ready for “Action”

“Sir can I go to the bathroom?” “Do we have to double spare?” “No my hand wasn’t up.” “My feet are always like this.” “I have a nervous twitch.” For the many things we do in second period we get rewarded with lines. It gets worse. Third period, everyone calms down. fourth, and fifth period, it’s time for double physed!

“Let’s start a riot!”

“Let’s stuff him in a garbage can!”

After everyone has finished in the locker room, suprisingly calmly, we all head down the stairs. Now Physed is finished. Lunch. The dash to get in line,

“Hey, Budder get to the end of the line!”

When eating is over everyone goes to see Phil, Phil our beloved ice cream man.

“Can I have credit?”

“Can I just have one pop before the line?”

He makes one heck of a living. In the afternoon everyone is tired and annoyed again and we all want to go to the bathroom. The pleas to go to the bathroom are ignored, and we eventually learn our lesson! That is a day at RSGC, and who knows it might change next year?.....

By: Jonah Falco Grade 8

THE LATIMER YEARS

1988 to 1996



Mr. and Mrs. Latimer enjoy the Headmaster's farewell dinner.



Hail to the Chief!



A presentation in chapel.



Cybil spends another day with the rich and famous.



Sir Edward Hilary advises the HM.



Just one of the guys.



Mr. Latimer with class of 1997.



A new addition to the family.





Make fun of my tie will you? Well now you're in every single event!



Hmmm... No doughnuts... very disappointing



"Have you heard? We get to miss Math!"



Mr. Jamieson: Don't stop now boys!



The grade eight graduating class



My pants ripped



Finders keepers



George: Do they have food or not?





TEAMS

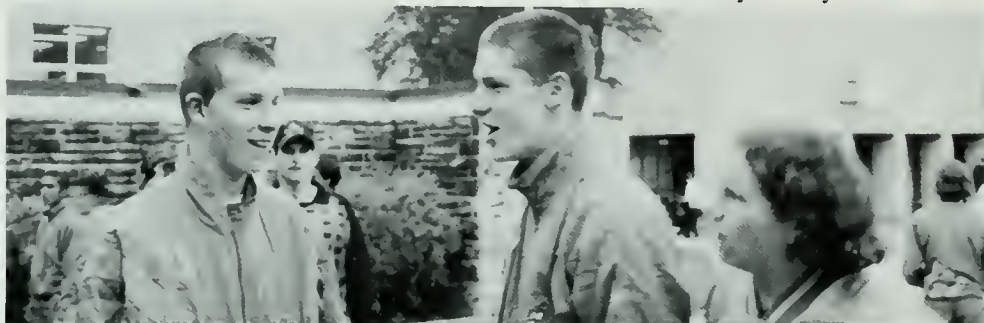
First Soccer

The senior soccer team was last year's CISAA tournament champions. This year we were looking to equal that feat. With the loss of several key players, we had to look for new faces to step up and take their places. Tim Boyce, Philip Blanchette, Elliot Hughes, Alastair Kellett, and Jamie Lint were just a few rookies who filled the void.

As always the team had a tough time in its inner-league play. However, in the CISAA tournament the team gelled nicely. In a new, expanded tournament of twenty teams the boys from RSGC were strongly favoured. With fine leadership from Andrew Blanchette, Jason Pantalone, Bryce Carter, Marnix Schellekens, and Adrian Press (most sporting new hair styles) the team made it into the championship round of the tournament. With a long range goal from Andrew Sjogren and some lucky goal keeping, in a penalty shootout, the team advanced into the semi-finals. Unfortunately we lost out.

Team unity was the strong point of this year. I hope we can continue this tradition of the high ranking team with the greatest hair in the national tournament. Good luck next year in getting Johnny Evans and Ack to the barber.

By Geoffry Mariani



Strategy Discussion



BACK ROW: Adrian Press, John Pennal, Bryce Carter, Jamie Lint, Elliott Hughes, Philip Blanchette, Peter Labancz

SECOND ROW: Mr. Evans, Dan Mudd, Brady Joel, Naohide Nasu, George Bassel, Andrew Sjogren, Jason Taylor, Marnix Schellekens

FIRST ROW: Greg Rosocha, Tim Boyce, Andrew Blanchette(C), Geoff Mariani, Alastair Kellett, Jamie Sedgwick

ABSENT: Tim Pacaud, Jason Pantalone (C), John Sedgwick.



Mr. Lee...



Staff VS Student Soccer



battling with Dan



Rob: "Those polka lessons are paying off."



Uuuuh... These spandex are too tight.



Looking tired there Mr. Keenan.



This is even more fun than differential equations!



Uuuuh... Talkin' to me?

Under 16 + 15 Soccer

The under 16 soccer team of 1995-96 had what you could call an up and down season. However, they always played at 110%, whether it was a game situation or a practice. The team displayed great improvement over the course of the season. This was mainly attributed to the great depth of the squad and the superb coaching of Mr. Keenan. The climax of the season was the shut-out of U.C.C. Other key victories came at the hands of Bayview Glen and Holy Trinity School. Overall this was a solid season and all the players enjoyed a successful year.

OVERALL TEAM RECORD: Wins -3, Losses - 4, Ties - 1

David D'Onofrio



Mr. Sarellas giving last minute instructions to a vital team member



HI GUYS!
Dwayne doing the cancan



UNDER 16

BACK ROW: Adrian Kelly, Michael Fountain, Simon Cook-Roffey, Jesse Burnett, Robert Schellekens, Ben Munger, Marcel Merath, Mr Keenan

MIDDLE ROW: David Hwang, Ted Meighen, Matthew Barrington, David Hare, Park Hamilton, Daniel MacDonald, Chris Ford

FRONT ROW: Chris Hatch, John Ortvad, James Hall, Joseph Ternamian, Patrick Fordyce, Alexis Levine, Chasen Paul





Dumb



Dumber



Dumbest



UNDER 15

BACK ROW: Mr. Sarellas, Jamie Pope, Mike Stratton, Dave Eaton, Jeff Todd, Phedras Diamandis
FRONT ROW: Max Ritts, Jamie Bergstra, Rickesh Kotecha, Stefan Superina, Andrew Pettit, Michel Minarde, Joe Fulton
ABSENT: Danny Cook, Jeff Clark, Miller Peterson, Dwayne Jackson, Alex Josephson, Daniel Koo

Under 12 + Under 13 Soccer



I'm a moose!



Now I have it now I don't!



Oh no, I thought this was a basketball.

UNDER 12 SOCCER

1ST ROW: David Jones, Stefan Picot, Jonathan Bell, Ehren Liuson, David Edwards, Henry Ciocca, Morgan Rubes

2ND ROW: Mr. Jamieson, Thomas Lockett, John Kerantonis, Alex McNabb, Andrew Harris, Ian Humphries, Sid Gojer, Sam Bennett, Kevin Lau

3RD ROW: Tim Clark, Michael Roebuck, Haddon Murray, Cameron Alguire, Todd Curtin, Johann Smula, Adam Duksza



UNDER 13 SOCCER

1ST ROW: Graham Durrant-Taylor, Paul Silny, Gage Love, Tarek Awad, Patrick Taylor, Eric Plank

2ND ROW: Matt Postrozny, Donald Pyper, Paul Ternamian, Joseph Hillenbrand

3RD ROW: Angus Keir, Mario Marruzzo, Brad Minlne, Fraser Buchan, Mr. Ackley



First Volleyball



Back Row: James Boake (Manager), Mat Kelly, Jamie Frawley, Andrew Teichman, Taylor Armstrong.

Front Row: Mr. Nakatsu, Mike Kelly, Graham Wright, Rob Bell.



I want to fly like that.



Jamie in flight.



Wow, look at him fly!

The past season was what a veteran may call "a year of rebuilding". A distinct combination of three veterans and a handful of newcomers from the ranks of under 16.

Mr. Nakatsu's task was not easy. Accommodate young players into a new offence and hope they can handle the fast paced action of senior ball. Despite our record, we managed to put together some good games and have fun doing it. An inspiring meeting brought about a turn around mid-way through the season and our play picked up as the season progressed. A relatively disappointing tournament capped the season but as a team, there is no question that we improved, thanks to the coaching of Mr. Nakatsu.

I hope future teams can dig up some big wins and on behalf of the veterans, cheers to RSGC's excellent volleyball program.

Andrew von Teichman



Feeling the pain Teich?

U16 & U14 Volleyball



Justin in Action



It's coming your way...

BACK ROW: David Koo, Andrew Davis, Eric Wynn, Galen Davies, Michael Anstey

SECOND ROW: Mr. Cooper, Michael Popielaty, Josh Estacion, Amr Kronfol

FIRST ROW: Justin Wallace, Hayden Ho, Daniel Mitchell, Adam Green, Blair Rose



U16's getting psyched for a game



... don't worry I've got got it



Wow, that ball's pretty high!



...And... getting ready to play



FROM LEFT TO RIGHT:
Mr. O'Leary,
Aaron Latner,
Josh Melvor,
Geoff Renihan,
Cameron McRae,
Matthew King,
James Snider,
Peter Ruta,
Ben Zelikowitz (captain)

Cross Country



Raoul Sprints to the finish



A bit tired Marc?



The starting line at Norval

Update 1995 Season

This year's team of fifteen runners was extremely well represented in the midget division. Their outstanding performance was underlined by the fact that the Midget A Team eventually placed first at the I.S.A.A. championship and that the Midget B Team tied for second place in the same event. Some individual runners proved themselves very capable at the first races of the season (e.g. Enfield, Allgood and Fordyce); but it was the team standing in the Midget Division (2nd out of 24 public school at Taylor Creek Park) that promised an excellent showdown with the arch rivals from Crescent School.

To defend their well earned reputation against all challenges will be the top concern in the minds of our fine X-country athletes for the the 1996 season. We look forward to seeing their continued success.



Oh this hurts!



Top Row: Brad Allgood, Sam Gildiner, Olivier Raoult, Austin Locke (Jr. School), Jamie Pope, Tim Pyper.

Front Row: David Hwang, Marc Antoniades, Jeff Sablatnig, Patrick Fordyce, Mr. Siewert.



The starting line at Norval

Senior Hockey



Top Row: Mr. O'Leary, Jamie Sedgwick, Andrew Blanchette, Greg Barnett, Andrew Miller, John Sedgwick, Toby Gibson, Josh McKillop, Alex Palalas, Anthony Kingsley **Bottom Row:** Naohide Nasu, Mark Burroni, Jason Taylor, Chris MacMillan, Bryce Carter, Tim Pacaud. **Absent:** Jason Pantalone



Celebrating a non existent championship.



Flying losers on skates



Go Naohide!



The human bulldozer

U16 Hockey



Back Row: Ryan Mulvihill, Park Hamilton, James Snider, Andrew Davison, Mr Ackley. **Front Row:** Chris Hatch, Rob McCord, Chris Ford, Joseph Ternamian, Brad Allgood. **Absent:** Morgan Brooker, Ryan Gulyas, Adam Jancelewicz, Scott Sloggett, Adam Smith, Eric Wynn.



Although the U - 16 Hockey Team didn't have many victories their coach, Mr. Ackley feels that the team worked hard, and didn't get discouraged. Even though the season wasn't a success, they had a lot of heart. One highlight of the season was James Snider who provided excellent goaltending.

Under 14 Hockey



Sliding to glory



Do I look as tired as I feel?



Front row: Adam Main, Joseph Fulton, Gage Love, Paul Silny, Patrick Taylor, Sam Bennett
Middle row: Cameron Wallace, Lindsay Temple, Jason George, Daniel Bennett
Back row: Mr Rankin, Kyle Waters, Cameron McRae, Jamie Ferguson-Woods, Ben Zelikovitz, Stefan Superina, Peter Ruta, Eric Plank, Brian McIvor, Todd Curtin, Michael Thompson, Mr McMaster



Happy couple in the lockers



Preparing to enter onto the ice

House League Hockey



Rumbling in the cold.



Boy, do I love hockey!



Blanchette Junior in goal



Battling for the ball....



....Rob prevails....



....but not for long

Senior Basketball



Back Row: Elliot Hughes, Jamie Lint, Mr. Orlando, Phillipe Bedard, Mike Kelly, Taylor Armstrong, Mark Han, Geoff Mariani **Front Row:** Adrian Press, Matt Morden, Graham Wright, Rob Murdoch.
Absent: Jamie Robertson, Quincy Lui.



SWOOSH!



Like my elbows?



Shoot to score!



I'm the coach, so you do what I say.



Hi, my name is Mike and I play basketball.



Taylor, Phil's on your team.

Under 16 Basketball



RSGC Michael Jordan on the roll.



Ballarina Basketball.



Back Row: Mr. Nakatsu, David Hwang, Derek Wong, Dan Macdonald, Chasen Paul, Andrew Davis. **Front Row:** Joshua Estacion, Ben Munger, David Hare, Cameron Wing, Will Jones, Matthew Barrington. **Absent:** Simon Cook-Roffey, James Hall, Justin Estacion.



Please go in!

UNDER 15 BASKETBALL



Front Row: James Robertson, Jeffrey Todd, Sam Gildiner, Galen Davies, Adam Shaw, Pat Hayes.
Back Row: Chris Barnes, Blaire Rose, Jamie Pope, Rickesh Kotecha, Michel Pagella-Minardi, Jeremy Chung, david Baker, Mr. Sarelas.



Take that!



Do I look that red?



Worried faces in the sidelines



You wanna mess with me?



Ha, ha he stole the ball from me

UNDER 13 BASKETBALL



Top Row: Mr. Nakatsu, Cameron Alquire, Brad Milne, Fraser Buchan, Ted Sablatnig, Angus Kier, Tarek Awad, Donald Pyper, Mr. Evans **Front Row:** Paul Sidi, Jesse Fulton, Paul Ternamian, Mario Maruzzo. **Absent:** Chris Rae, Josh Nagel, Aaron Latner



Wow, look at our trophy



The opposition caught off guard again



Hip, hop score



Oh no, not another game



Uhh....these guys look big

Under 12 Basketball



Back: Rick Parsons, David Latimer. **Middle Row:** Ehren Liuson, Robbie Pristine, Thomas Lockett, Robert Gleadow, Sid Gojer, Adam Dukzsta. **Front Row:** David McNabb, Tim Clark, Jonathan Bell Ian Humphreys, Andrew Harris, Henry Ciocca, David Jones.



You bounce it, not hold it.



I'm ready for anything!



Hands up baby hands up.



This ball is mine

CISAA Senior Ski Champions



Last minute instructions by Mr Kerr.

Back Row: Matt Donald, Mr. Kerr, John Damanis, Mike Von Teichman, Mike Stratton, Matt Kelly, Andrew Bryant, Andrew Von Teichman, Brady (Reickel) Joel, Jamie Frawley, Rob Clark, Will Burton, Steve Brooks, Adam Green, Ted Meighn, Patrick Fordyce
Front Row: David Eaton, Geoff Cowper-Smith, Dan Mitchel, Jim Bunting.
Absent: Darcy Chandler, David Engle, Adam Green, Justin Hartwell, Mark Otema, Justin Young.



Arriving at Blue Mountain



Hi guys!



Rob racing down the slopes

First Softball



TOP ROW: Jamie Lint, Elliot Hughes, Taylor Armstrong, Chris MacMillan, Andrew Bryant **MIDDLE ROW:** Dan MacNamara, Andrew von Teichman, Marc Burrone **BOTTOM ROW:** Drew Gulyas, Jamie Frawley, Brady Joel, Geoff Mariani, Mr. Kerr
Missing in Action: Jason Pantalone



Is this how Alomar does it?



Gum, an essential part of baseball



Check out this pitching



Alrighty then!



AAAAHHHHHH!!...

U16 Softball



Get ready for this!



TOP ROW: John Lee, Galen Davies, Andrew Jones, Ben Mungar, Mr. Sarellas **MIDDLE ROW:** Mark Pearcey, Phedias Diamandis, Jeff Todd **BOTTOM ROW:** Pat Hayes, John Ortvad, Mathew Donald, Michael Popielaty, James Hall **Missing in Action:** Robert Dyer, Jason Lee



UHHH...Is this how you bat?



This sport is yummy!



I love this sport



I told you not to mess with me!



Take my stylish baseball cap!

U14 Softball



All padded up



BACK ROW: Jim Morrison, Ted Lockie, Paul Macchione, James Snider, Adam Shaw, Jonah Falco, Mr. Hutchison. **FRONT ROW:** Jonathan Abraham, Geoff Renihan, James Fisher, Dan Green, Cameron Wallace, Tarek Awad, Gage Love.



I've got it!



Like my posture?



O.K. pass the ball.

U12 Softball

BACK ROW: Robert Gleadow, Cameron Alguire, Gordon Dunlop, Thomas Lockett, Mr. O'Leary.

MIDDLE ROW: Colin Rubes, Michael Roebuck, David Jones, Adam Dukzsta

FRONT ROW: Sam Bennett, Donald Pyper, Tim Clark, Morgan Rubes.



Senior Badminton



BACKGROUND: Mr. Schreiner. **FRONT:** Phil Bedard, Naohide Nasu, and Andrew Sjogren. **ABSENT:** Asad Ladha, Soren Shamsian, Pankaj Bhatia, Paul Saumets, Peter Labancz.



Where's the birdie?



Thrashing Naohide.

U14 Badminton

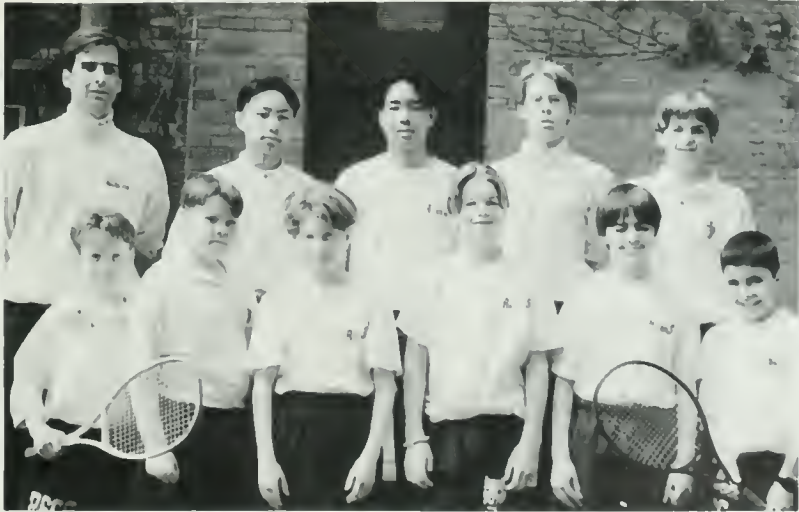


WHAM!



BACK ROW: Mr. Evans, Andrew Newbury, Erik Plank, David Reeser, Graham Taylor, Sam Ostrander. **MIDDLE ROW:** Mario Maruzzi, Jamie Pope, Andrew Petit, Joshua Nagel. **FRONT ROW:** Adam Main, Matt Postrozny, Rickesh Kotecha, Michel Pagella-Mainardi, Chris Taylor

Tennis



U14Tennis:
BACK ROW: Mr. Keenan, Aaron Lau, Jeremy Chung, Michael Thompson
FRONT ROW: Stefan Picot, Luke Astrandev, Paul Silny, Kyle Waters, Andrew Hepburn, Paul Ternamian.
ABSENT: Stuart Hillenbrand, Todd Curtin, Jame Bourgeois

Lacrosse



I just love this game.



Man, I should have worn a jock strap.



Too many ales.



BACK ROW: Mr. Orlando, George Bassel, Steven Brooks, Geoff Enfield, Tim Pacaud, Jason Taylor, John Pennel, Toby Gibson, Mike Barnicke, Mr. Lee. **FRONT ROW:** Matt Kelly, Brad Allgood, Tim Boyce, Rob Bell, Ben Zelikovitz, Scott Sloggett, Joe Ternamian, Drew Blanchette, Graham Wright



Why do I feel so tired?



My, this stick of mine is long!

Track and Field



Back Row: Michael Kelly, Noah Waisberg, Jamie Frawley, Jim Bunting, Michael Stratton. **Front Row:** Mr. Siewert, David Eaton, David Baker, Brady Joel, Andrew von Teichman, Jamie Pope, Glenn Lou-Hing.



Glenn stretching out.



Frawley going full out.



A smooth landing for Brady.



Frawley trying a new approach



Active support of our team from the sidelines



Mike rising to new heights.

Junior School Swim Meet



Pumping iron, or maybe rubber



Heavenly bodies



Lending a helping hand



I came first, right!



Planning a race strategy

Norval

Norval is an outdoor education facility that all Junior School students have the opportunity to attend. During their time at Norval students participate in science and problem-solving activities. These are photographs from the 7B trip.



Mission Impossible



The Year In Review

Three junior school students reportedly ventured into the new and prosperous Dragon's Lair, and were never seen or heard from again.

George arrives for a short while and receives lots of attention. Oliver reported to be furious.

CISAA Senior Division
Ski Champions
CISAA Senior Division
CISAA Invitational Tournament
CISAA Senior Basketball Wins the

U14 badminton win CIS tournament

This year's junior school movie "39" is a huge success and demonstrates talents from different areas of R.S.G.C.

The addition to the school starts to get underway just... (This sentence still in construction)

MR. SARELLAS, MRS. HALL, AND MR. JAMIESON JOIN THE SCHOOL.

Baywatch Assemblies Please Senior School

The porpoise is now healthy and happy.

Georgians travel around North America to Ohio, New Orleans, and Puerto Vallarta.

~~Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are~~
~~Dead premiers.~~

Dewees' new lunchtime commandos set forth with mop in hand [literally] and clean up Ketchum Hall. One squad still missing in action.

The cabinet sets in most of the senior school classrooms ensure that there will always be a television if one is needed.

The Lost Children

Turning a Scottish school red with blood, a rampaging madman kills or wounds 31.
A grief-stricken town asks why

**WENDAL
COMES
HOME!!**

**IS
BOSNIA
WORTH
DYING
FOR?**

**The jury finds Bernardo guilty
of first-degree murder**

*The former prime minister's Airbus lawsuit
raises a series of new questions*

**THE QUEBEC
REFERENDUM** 

YITZHAK RABIN
1922-1995

CELEBRATING A BEGINNING: Palestine Liberation Organization leader Yasser Arafat holds his kaffiyeh high and dances during an election rally in the Gaza Strip. About 700 candidates representing a dozen parties are running in the first-ever Palestinian elections, to be held on Jan. 20. International groups have criticized some measures taken by the Palestinian Authority operating in Gaza and the West Bank, including the detention of some critics of Arafat.

.....

A fond farewell
to 'Rob' Davies

**YONGE ST.
REACHES 200!!**

**TRACKING
DOWN THE
UNABOMBER**

CHECHNYA FIGHTING

Separatist rebels attempting to keep Russia's national elections from being held in Chechnya gained control of the region's second-biggest city, Gudermes, before Russian troops took it back. Reports said 32 Russians were killed in what Defence Minister Pavel Grachev called "a cruel fight." The military sealed off the Chechen capital, Grozny.

**It's
Over**

Diana and Charles are history, but a battle royal looms over her future

Mother / Son Weekend Grad Weekend



Matt and Mom pose for a bonding shot

It was a wonderful, fun, and exciting bonding experience for the mothers and sons of RSGC. It was also however, a chance for the sons to realize that their moms are still party animals (with their late nights and wacky skits). The Mother/Son Weekend took place in mid-September up at the ever-so-popular, beautiful Kilcoo Camp. It was the perfect setting for this quiet weekend. The mothers had a chance to get to know each other, and spend quality time with their sons; and the kids got a

chance to run wild, without the fear of detention. Some brave souls went polar swimming, and a couple of fearless individuals even got to crossdress. We had good food, great fun, and a chance to polish our line dancing skills. From the courageous mud walks, to the chaotic bus rides, the Mother/Son Weekend was jam-packed with great people and memorable times.

Mike Vitorovich



Before the infamous mud walk...



... and after the infamous mud walk



Melts in your mouth
Not in your hands!

Grad Weekend

...another activity was suggested, "The Mud Pit". Curious Georgians followed an experienced guide through miles of forest until we ended up at "The Pit". There were divers, can-openers, bombs, and bellyflops, followed by an intense race through the suctioning mud.

....these few days up at Kilcoo Camp, even with the supposed sighting of UFO's and falling blimps, translated into a bonding experience for the graduating class 1995-1996.

Peter Labancz

We trudged back to camp where we raced into the lake and bathed ourselves in the freezing water. This activity was followed by a soothing session in the sauna (talk about cleansing your pores).

Don't look down? No problem.



(left to right): Matt, Chris, Drew, and Behzad. Anxious to get up on the ropes



All ready for the mud pit adventure



After showing off their "new look"

Proficiency Orientation Oktoberfest



Orientation can be confusing, even for the older guys!



The competitors



Why can't we just use clip-ons?



Kevin Maggisano, on his way to chief justice



Yummy, yummy, yummy, I have love in my tummy

Good food, great fun, and a chance
for Teichman to dress the way he's
always wanted.
... She digs it.





High Park Run



The Winners!



The outsider



The overseer

The First Sports Event

As the morning sun brightened and the mist rose, cold Georgians started the annual gathering known as the High Park Run. The first big event of the year may have come as a shock to new boys as they were thrust onto the paved downhill road that would prove to be tiring. Some would be trampled upon, some might collapse five minutes into the race, but a lucky few with the courage to leap over passing cars could make it to the finish line. The best of these would enter into in a category of their own called The Dirty Dozen. As for the rest...there's always next year!

The Dirty Dozen

1. Jamie Lint, Grade 11, West
2. Jeffrey Enfield, Grade 12, York
3. Brad Allgood, Grade 10, Cant
4. Patrick Fordyce, Grade 10, West
5. Taylor Armstrong, Grade 13, Cant
6. Robert Bell, Grade 12, West
7. Jason Taylor, Grade 12, York
8. Mr. J. Keenan, Staff, York
- 9/10. Jason Pantalone, Grade 13, Winch
- 9/10. Jeffrey Todd, Grade 9, West
11. Mike Kelly, Grade 11, Cant
12. Chris Ford, Grade 10, York

Halloween



Model Georgians.



It was love at first sight!

Napolean Leatch sounds good.



Call me... at 555-LOVE



Super Rikish to the rescue.

Variety Night



I wonder if he knows I can't read music.



I have to do this?!!



Man, I didn't think they were serious about the dress code.



I don't want to grow up.
I'm an R.S.G.C. kid...



The Great Gig in the hall.

From R.S.G.C all the way to Vegas.

Senior Swim Meet



On your mark, get set, GO!



Winch holding their breath.



Pretty enough to eat off
of (I mean the plate).

A window on
the chaos.



Auto Show 96



One of St. George's most educational field trips.



Boning up on 'German' cars.



Our customers
have faces only a
mother could love.

Dragons Lair

This year The Guild, always on the look out to add to life at the college, out did themselves by opening an on-site store. The Dragon's Lair offers clothing and our favourite foods to give us the strength to make it through each action packed day at RSGC.

Dragon's Lair

Lip Synch



Kiss made a live appearance this year.

The ladies of St.Cement's won the title this year. But RSGC still strutted their stuff this year in their own special way.



Teichman's angels.



Let's do the time warp again.



Father Pacaud please report to the big man upstairs.

Over 80 Breakfast

The over 80 breakfast happens at the beginning of second term every year, for those people who have an 80% average or over.



Angus Robinson and his father.



Pointing out the finer details of the plan.

Assemblies



Our assemblies can go from one extreme to the other but our prefects keep things decent.

House Drama

This page shows the drama teams for York (right), Winch (below), West (below right), and Cant (bottom). This is an annual event that is part of the house competition. We saw a wide range of productions this year from a war scene to the baseball fields. This year's winner was Winchester who entertained us with a lively "Hardy Boys" spoof, which cast RSGC comedians Bunting and Frawley as Frank and Joe and the shapely M. Vitorovich as nurse Ratched.

By Alexander Moniz Brown



New Orleans Trip



New Orleans was a great destination for the 1996 Band Trip. We went on many interesting tours, especially the tour of the bayou. The highlight of the band trip was going to the Jazz Festival, and watching many performers such as Winton Marsailles, Van Morrison, and Buddy Guy. The band played very well at New Orleans, and in all New Orleans was a huge success.

Ottawa



She doesn't look mad to me!



Quebec



Well... that wraps it up for Quebec



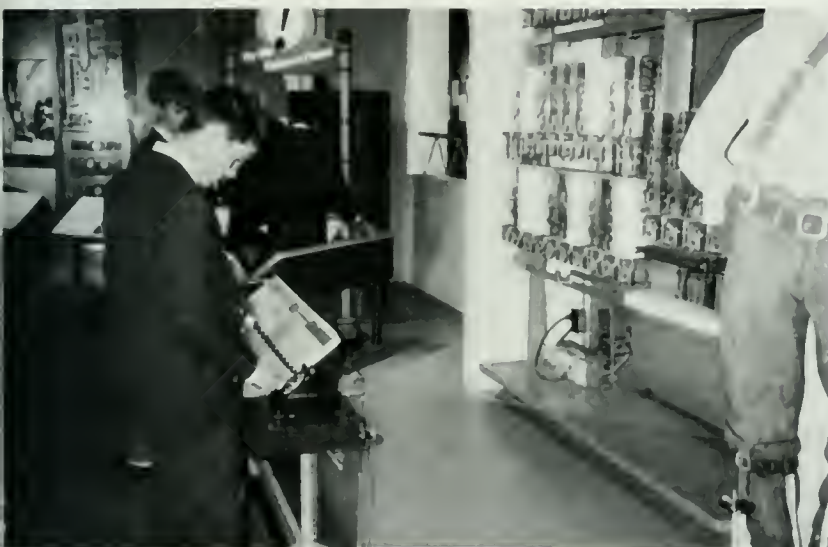
Bolton



I'm doing the Charleston!



NHL, here I come!



For once Pyron is in uniform!



Grade 11 Trip: Bolton

It can definitely be said that the grade 11 class could have thought of many more enjoyable things to do than ride a school bus up north to Bolton. But when 10:00 rolled around, everyone in the grade arrived with bags in hand, and low expectations in mind.

The week turned out for the better, with many interesting things. Even some of the most unenthusiastic people got involved in the activities (I will not mention any names, for their reputations are at stake). Over the week, we ate lots, slept lots, and in between, managed to exchange all of Mr. Latimer's room furniture and clothing with the common room furniture. His lamps even worked in the common room.

Each night, those who chose to play, grouped outside in the dark for a much anticipated game of "capture the flag". This however, began to turn into quite the wrestling match to catch each player. The teachers, (Mr. Latimer, Mr. Sarellas, Mr. Schreiner, and Mr. Pengelly), pleased us one night with the showing of the movie Seven, to the loud cheers of those in the front row.

No school trip could go unattended without a few pranks. So, once we returned Mr. Latimer's furniture to his room, bandits covered Mr. Schreiner's car with toilet paper. Many of the guys found their boxers hanging in the window the next day. Luckily, the rookie, Mr. Sarellas, got away unscathed. Don't gloat sir, they'll get you next year. We took it easy on you.

All in all, the trip turned out to be better than many expected, except for the "rockers". Hey guys, remember... NO ROCK!

Jamie Lint

The inside dope on getting properly tested, expertly defended, lovingly buried, swankily outfitted, lavishly shod, filthily rich, humanely de-moused, perfectly bound, fully investigated, and divinely blessed

CLASSIC NOSH

000863
MTA New York City Transit
Q32
APR 1996 9

EAT OUT

Clark St-Brooklyn Heights Station

COMEDY

LE CROISSANT SHOP

15 Penn Plaza
(33rd Street & 7th Avenue)



AT YANKEE STADIUM
VS.
KANSAS CITY

FILM

BARGAINS

sports

OVERWEIGHT

CABARET

100 Broadway
New York

This isn't just in-your-face
it's also in-your-gut for good

LIVE-MUSIC CLUB

measure

NEW YORK'S
HOTEL
PENNSYLVANIA

Across from Madison Square Garden
Seventh Avenue and 33rd Street, New York, NY 10001

TICKETS FOR

Bombs
Away



Are we having
fun yet?

15 Penn Plaza (33rd Street & 7th Avenue)

THE NEW YORK BUILDINGS AND MONUMENT QUIZ

THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

Washington



I have seen the light



Now that you've shown me how to make bread, I'll show you how to put wicked hydraulics on your GEO!



Those damn Yankees!

Grad Trip 96 Puerto Vallarta, Mexico



Sunsree Resort on the Pacific



Bikini Paradise



Tequila Volleyball with the woman from Chicago



Sipping the Non alcoholic Margueritas at Eden



The gang, Frawley and his new Mexican hat



Bungee Jumping! (For those who dared)

Spring Events



Clockwise from below: Graham Durrant-Taylor(7) and Jonathan Lofft (8) participated in the Ontario Junior Debating Championship on the second of March; some OAC tour guides; track and field participants, the OAC drama production of 12 angry men; parent's skit at the grad dinner (enough said!!); the screening of the Grade 12 media studies class' "39".



Spring Events



Gordon Capital once again sponsored the annual Grade 5 Skydome trip



Above: Gold medalist Mark Tooksbury visited us this Spring and passed around his Gold medal. Right: 2nd and 3rd year German classes in co-operation with some R.S.G.C. musicians recorded and submitted an original rock song for a Youth Magazine in Germany. Bottom: More Track and Field day participants.



The Guild-Staff Luncheon

In addition to all of the wonderful work guild members perform at the college throughout the year, they also host a scrumptious staff luncheon at the end of the year.



Mrs. Miller and Mrs. Enfield: Best of friends forever



I wonder if Mr. Evans will notice if I snag his bun?



You mean we get seconds!



Mr. Reid and Judith Gilman



Mr. Love and Jean McGrath



Bottom right: Dr. Skalinsky and Mrs. Von Teichman
Bottom far right: Mrs. Cowper-Smith and the H.M.



Lucia Wing and Mr. Jameson



Athletic Banquet



Edward Assaf Memorial Soccer Trophy

R.S.G.C. Junior School Soccer Trophy

Most Improved Soccer Player Award

Ferguson Cross Country Award

Most Improved Cross Country Award

R.S.G.C. Volleyball Trophy

J.W. McMaster Hockey Trophy

R.S.G.C. Junior School Hockey Trophy

Most Improved Hockey Player Award

Trusler Ski Trophy

Most Improved Skier Award

Bowlby Cup - M.V.P. Basketball

R.S.G.C. Junior School Basketball Award

R.K. Fraser Award - M.V.P. Track & Field

W.E. Wilson Award - M.V.P. Senior Softball

R.S.G.C. Junior School Softball Award

Most Improved Softball Player Award

R.S.G.C. Tennis Trophy

Most Improved Tennis Player Award

R.S.G.C. Badminton Award

Most Improved Badminton Player Award

R.S.G.C. Lacrosse Trophy

Most Improved Lacrosse Player Award

R.S.G.C. Golf Trophy

Most Improved Golfer Award

Athletic Director's Award

Special Appreciation Award

V.C. Pascoe Award - Best Jn. School Athlete

J.S. Robinson Trophy - Best Jn Athlete

A.C. Tudhope Award - Best Int Athlete

J.S. Housser Award - Best Senior Athlete

R.S.G.C. Athletic Letters

*Taylor Armstrong, Philippe Bédard, Geoffry Mariani,
Naohide Nasu, Adrian Press, Andrew von Teichman*

Andrew Blanchette &

Marnix Schellekens

Paul Silny

David Koo

Patrick Fordyce

Jeff Enfield

Andrew von Teichman

Jason Taylor

Lindsay Templeton

Peter Ruta &

Michael Thompson

Brady Joel

Patrick Fordyce

Philippe Bédard

Ted Sablatnig

Taylor Armstrong &

Jamie Frawley

Geoffry Mariani

Paul Macchione

Jonathan Abraham

David Hwang

Paul Ternamian



Matthew Postrozny

Mario Maruzzo

Graham Wright

Tim Pacaud

Rob Mellema

Matt Barrington

Mr. John R. Latimer

Mrs. Peggy Latimer

Matthew Postrozny &

Paul Silny

Galen Davies

Daniel MacDonald

Andrew von Teichman



Junior School Prize Day



Junior School Prize-Giving 1996

Grade 3 Award

Grade 4 Award

Grasley Award (Grade 5)

G.D. Hay Award (Grade 6)

Scott Kovas Award (Grade 7)

J.B.E. Garstang Award (English)

Mathematics Prize

French Prize

St. George's Society Social Studies Prize

Science Prize

Leigh McCarthy Gossage (Acting)

John R. Latimer Prize for Public Speaking

Junior Music Prize

Leslie Taylor Prize

(Most Improved Choir Boy)

Guild Music Prize

(Most Improved Instrumental)

Best in Changed Voice Music Class

John D. Allen R.K. Prize

Henry Cawthorne House Trophy

Guild Music Prize (Best Instrumental)

G.R. Jameson Award (Best Choir)

L.B.J. Rothwell Award (Greatest Determination)

Junior Georgian

David Edwards

Bryan Feheley

Andrew Harris

Thomas Lockett

Graham Durrant-Taylor &

Bradley Milne

Kazuo Oishi

Jim Morrison

Cameron Conn-Grant

Max Ritts

Peter Adams

Austin Locke

Jonathan Lofft

Kevin Lau

Graham Durrant-Taylor

Paul Macchione

Jamie Edwards &

Jonathan Lofft

Alexander Zlotkin-Wolfson

Westminster

Jonah Falco

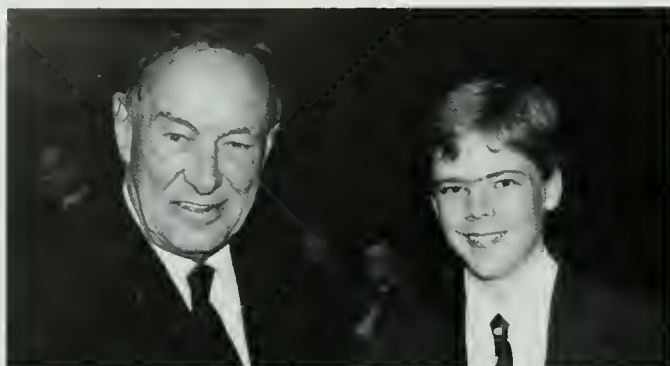
Soren Brothers

Jonathan Bell

Kazuo Oishi



Senior Prize Day Awards



Mr Latimer presents Jamie Bergstra with the Head Master's Medal



Mrs Linda Robinson, the incoming Guild president, presents Philippe Bedard and Taylor Armstrong with the Guild Trophy



James Boake and Simon Cook-Roffey placed third in the TD stock market challenge



Marc Antoniades, winner of the Sir Isaac Newton Physics Award



Eric Kung receiving the U of T Ontario Biology Competition Award



French OAC Award won by James Sedgwick, Elliot Hughes and Alastair Kellett



Pankaj Bhatia receiving the Senior Geography Award



Jamie Robertson receiving the Fermat Math Contest Medal

PYTHAGOREAN AWARD James Snider
 PASCAL MATH CONTEST Jamie Bergstra (Grade 9)
 CAYLEY MATH CONTEST David Hwang (Grade 10)
 FERMAT MATH CONTEST Jamie Robertson (Grade 11)
 EUCLID MATH CONTEST Jamie Robertson (Grade 12)
 O.A.C. DESCARTES MATH CONTEST Marc Antoniades,
 Peter Chung, Eric Kung, Henri Tam
 JOCK ARMITAGE SR. MATH PRIZE Henri Tam
 COMPUTER SCIENCE Henri Tam (OAC)
 JUNIOR SCIENCE AWARD Amr Kronfol
 INTERMEDIATE SCIENCE AWARD Stef Waschuk
 UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO ONTARIO BIOLOGY COMPETITION
 Eric Kung (1st in school)
 SIR ISAAC NEWTON PHYSICS CONTEST
 Marc Antoniades (1st in school)
 J.C. WHEELER CUP SENIOR SCIENCE Philippe Bedard
 INTERMEDIATE BUSINESS AWARD Rob Mellema
 TD GREEN LINE STOCK MARKET CHALLENGE (3rd place)
 James Boake and Simon Cook-Roffey
 SENIOR ECONOMICS AWARD Philippe Bedard
 JUNIOR GEOGRAPHY AWARD Jamie Bergstra
 INTERMEDIATE GEOGRAPHY AWARD Ken Adams,
 David Hwang, Jonathan Lee, Michael Popielaty
 SENIOR GEOGRAPHY AWARD Pankaj Bhatia
 JUNIOR HISTORY AWARD Jamie Bergstra
 JUSTIN LEUNG Alastair Kellett
 JAMES SEDGWICK

SENIOR HISTORY AWARD Taylor Armstrong, and
 Pankaj Bhatia
 JUNIOR ENGLISH AWARD Sam Gildiner, Andrew Haust
 SENIOR ENGLISH AWARD Philippe Bedard and
 David Dewees
 Rob Burkett
 Bernard von Bieberstein
 Andrew von Teichman
 MEDIA AWARD
 LATIN AWARD
 GERMAN AWARD
 FRENCH O.A.C. AWARD
 Elliot Hughes, Alastair Kellett, James Sedgwick,
 Olivier Raoult, Jason Taylor, Michael Vitorovich
 JUNIOR ART AWARD Aaron Lau, Mike Popielaty
 INTERMEDIATE ART AWARD Alex Palalas
 SENIOR ART AWARD Geoffrey Mariani
 AGENDA COVER DESIGN Ken Adams
 COMMUNITY SERVICE AWARD
 Gr. 9 Phedias Diamandis (75 hrs)
 Gr. 10 Tim Pyron (350 hrs)
 Gr. 11 Alexis Levine (280 hrs)
 Gr. 12 Ian Roberts (384 hrs)
 Gr. 13 Peter Labancz (438 hrs)
 SENIOR DRAMA AWARD Jamie Frawley
 IAN BONNYCASTLE AWARD John Damanis
 SPOTLIGHT AWARD Rob Burkett
 TECHNICIAN'S AWARD Will Burton
 BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR Greg Karout
 THE DRAMA CLUB TROPHY Damian Abraham, and
 Jim Bunting
 JUNIOR PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARD Chris Kelly

JOHN R. LATIMER PUBLIC SPEAKING AWARD Bobby Palit
 MOST IMPROVED INSTRUMENTALIST Jamie Robertson
 ACOLYTE AWARD George Bassel
 THE GUILD TROPHY Taylor Armstrong
 Philippe Bedard
 THE MARION McDOWELL TROPHY Matt Kelly and
 Tim Pacaud
 THE GEORGIAN SPIRIT TROPHY Jamie Frawley
 THE J.L. BRADLEY MUSIC AWARD Stef Waschuk
 ROBERT BRADLEY MEMORIAL AWARD David Dewees
 THE MACLENNAN/ROBINSON SCHOLARSHIP Pankaj Bhatia
 THE ANDREW DRILLIS AWARD Marnix Schellekens
 THE W.L. GILBRIDE TROPHY Drew Gulyas
 STUART WARREN MEMORIAL AWARD Rob Burkett
 THE WYNN BUTTERWORTH MEDAL Andrew von
 Teichman
 THE CHAIRMAN'S MEDAL David Dewees
 THE HEADMASTER'S MEDAL Jamie Bergstra
 THE PRINCIPAL'S AWARD Amr Kronfol
 THE FOUNDERS AWARD Alastair Kellett
 THE LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR'S MEDAL Pankaj Bhatia
 THE GOVERNOR GENERAL'S MEDAL Philippe Bedard
 THE J.L. WRIGHT MEDAL Andrew von Teichman
 STUART WARREN MEMORIAL AWARD Rob Burkett

GRAD FORMAL



The BOYZ



Family gatherings



The Boyz, Mr Keenan and the baby



Dinner at the Royal York



DJ Static on the turntables

COUPLES



Jason and Julia



Bryce and Tamarra



Jo and Marnix



Paco and Denise



Amy and Andrew



Andrea and Peter, Steve and Sarah



Marc and the Doc



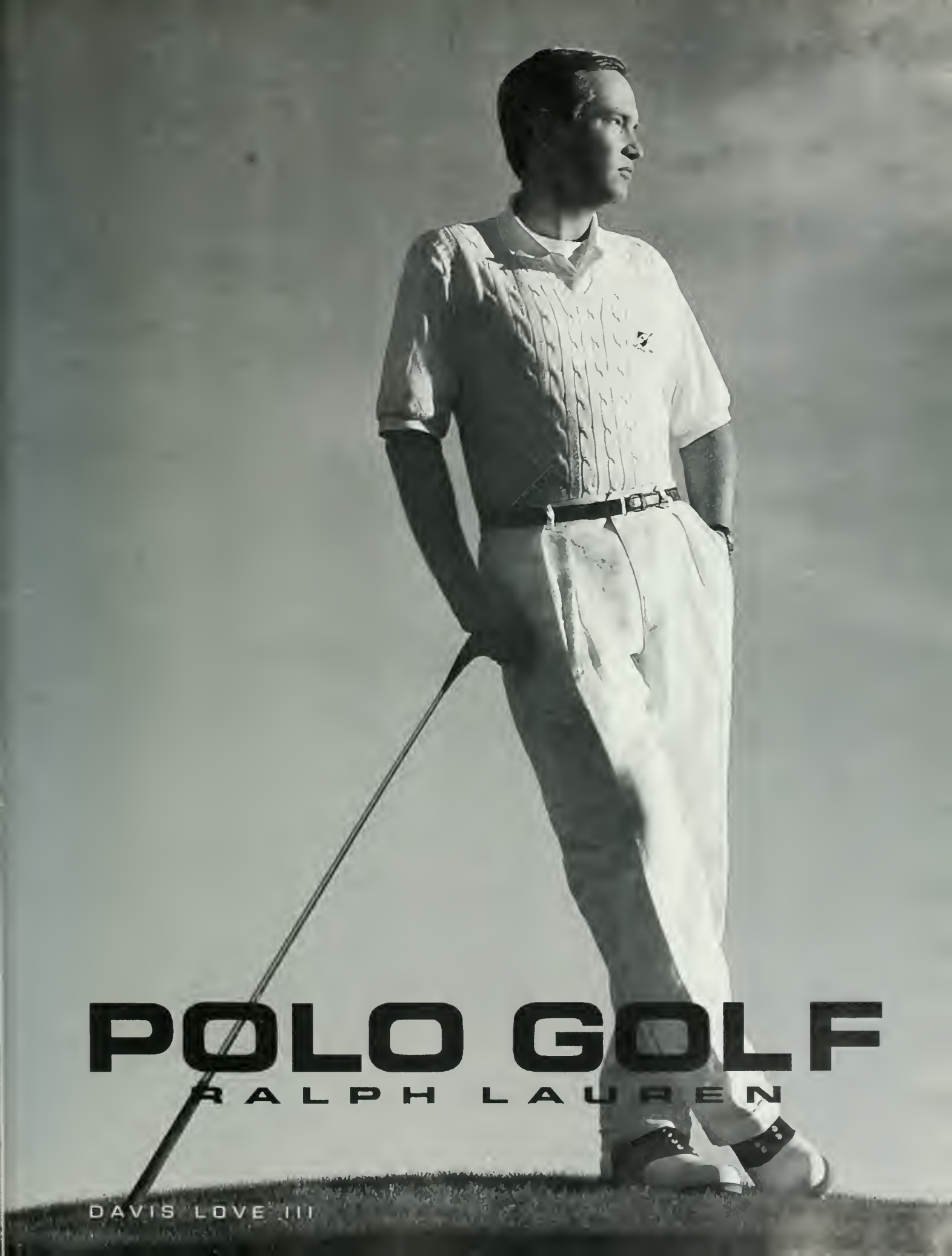
Teich and Streisand



Drew and Jackie

**CONGRATULATIONS
TO THE GRADUATING CLASS
OF
1995 - 1996
FROM**

Dr. Arlette Lefebvre and Dr. Yvan Bedard
Mr. and Mrs. Terry Bunting
Ken and Mary Burditt
Mr. and Mrs. Clement Chiu
Mr. V. Damanis and Dr. S. Damanis
Nigel and Heather Frawley
Mr. John S. Kelly and Joanna Kelly
Mr. Neill R. MacMillan and Ms. Mary Lou Link-MacMillan
Dan and Lynda Mariani
Dr. and Mrs. G. Patrick McNamara
Mr. and Mrs. A.O. Miller
Ms. Angela Roman and Mr. Thomas O. Mudd III
Mr. and Mrs. G.E.A. Pacaud
Mr. and Mrs. Rocco Pantalone
John and Mary Ellen Pennal
Sir Bruce and Lady Maria Perreault
Mr. and Mrs. Paul Schellekens
Mr and Mrs. Keith Sjögren
Mr. and Mrs. Wolf von Teichman



POLO GOLF

RALPH LAUREN

DAVIS LOVE III



O. (Sam) Oishi, P. Eng.
President

JIT Automation Inc.
1149 Bellamy Road N., Unit 8
Scarborough, Ont., Canada M1H 1H7
Tel: (416) 439-8525
Fax: (416) 439-2671

1-800-268-4296

Ronald J. Adams
FSA, FCIA
Vice President

175 Bloor Street East
South Tower, Suite 1501
Toronto, Ontario M4W 3T6
416 960-2684 Fax: 416 960-2819

Towers Perrin

THERE'S A LOT MORE TO OUR NAME THAN MEETS THE EYE.

If you think Bayer only means Aspirin* (acetylsalicylic acid), you'll be surprised to know how much more we really bring to your life.

Bayer's health care products help your doctor diagnose and treat ailments from the common cold to diabetes and infection. Our crop protection products help bring abundant food to your table; and our vitamins help your kids maintain good health. And thanks to our imaging technologies, it's possible for you to get those special photos developed in under an hour.

In all, Bayer makes close to 10,000 products that affect your life in ways large and small every day.



WE CURE MORE HEADACHES THAN YOU THINK.

BAYER IS AN INTERNATIONAL, RESEARCH-BASED COMPANY IN HEALTH CARE, CHEMICALS AND IMAGING TECHNOLOGIES.

* Aspirin is a registered trademark.



North America's oldest manufacturer of precast interlocking pavers, retaining walls, and erosion control products, wish all students and graduates congratulations on a successful year!

287 Armstrong Ave., Georgetown, Ontario. L7G 4X6
(905) 453-1438, 1-800-UNILOCK

THE INTERNATIONAL SPECIALISTS

TRIPAR TRANSPORTATION INC.

2180 Buckingham Road
Oakville, ON L6H 6H1

KEN BURDITT
President

Direct Line (905) 829-8500
Canada/U.S. Watts 1-800-387-7210
FAX (905) 829-8513

DYNACARE LABORATORIES

A Division of



The Dynacare Health Group Inc.

Dynacare proudly supports the Royal St. George's College

*A leading provider of
medical diagnostic
laboratory services across
North America,
Dynacare provides
services to over 10,000
physicians in Ontario,
Alberta, Saskatchewan,
California, Washington,
Texas, Wyoming,
Alaska, Oregon and
Idaho.*

*For more information,
please call
**(905) 790-3000 or
1-800-565-5721***



Jim Church

**Ideal
Railings
Ltd.**

3076 Lenworth Drive, Mississauga L4X 2G1
(905) 206-9674 (905) 206-9107

DONALD R. FISKE, B.A., LL.B.
BARRISTER AND SOLICITOR

3300 BLOOR STREET WEST
THE MUTUAL GROUP CENTRE
SUITE 760 - WEST TOWER
ETOBICOKE, ONTARIO
MBX 2X2

TELEPHONE: (416) 234-2177
FAX: (416) 234-9039

BEST WISHES TO ROYAL ST. GEORGE'S



Kilcoo Camp

Burnac Corporation
48 St. Clair Ave. West, Suite 600, Toronto, Ont. M4V 3B6
Fax (416) 920-0935; Tel. (416) 964-3600

Theodore F. Burnett
President

BURNAC



MEIGHEN DEMERS

BARRISTERS & SOLICITERS



The Frawley, Lockie, Love, Meighen
& Pennal Families

Congratulate the 95-96 Class
And
Wish them the very best for the future



TELEPHONE: [416]977-8400
SUITE 1100, BOX 11
MERRILL LYNCH CANADA TOWER
200 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO CANADA, M5H 3T4

THE FAX [416]977-5239



THE BUSINESS LAW FIRM



Mr. Keenan's OAC History class attended an address at the Empire Club where they met Premier Mike Harris (Left) and Former P.M. Kim Campbell (Right).



OSLER, HOSKIN & HARCOURT

BARRISTERS & SOLICITORS
PATENT & TRADE-MARK AGENTS

Proud to Support *Royal St. George's College*

David R. Allgood James E. Fordyce Norman C. Loveland Blake M. Murray

TORONTO
P.O. Box 50
1 First Canadian Place
Toronto, Ontario
M5X 1B8

OTTAWA
50 O'Connor Street
Suite 1500
Ottawa, Ontario
K1P 6L2

CALGARY
Suite 1900, Toronto
Dominion Square
333-7th Avenue S.W.
Calgary, Alberta
T2P 2Z1

NEW YORK
280 Park Avenue-30W
New York, New York
U.S.A. 10017

LONDON
20 Little Britain
London EC1A 7DH
England

HONG KONG
1708, One Pacific Place
88 Queensway
Hong Kong

SINGAPORE
65 Chulia Street
#40-05 OCBC Centre
Singapore 0104

Web: www.osler.com





Royal Saint G
1995



George's College
1996

